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THE WISHING-FAIRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS

"I shall give you the loveliest thing I can think of:
that you should always be happy"

THE WISHING-FAIRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS

BY

CORINNE INGRAHAM
["CORINNE"]

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DUGALD STEWART WALKER

NEW YORK
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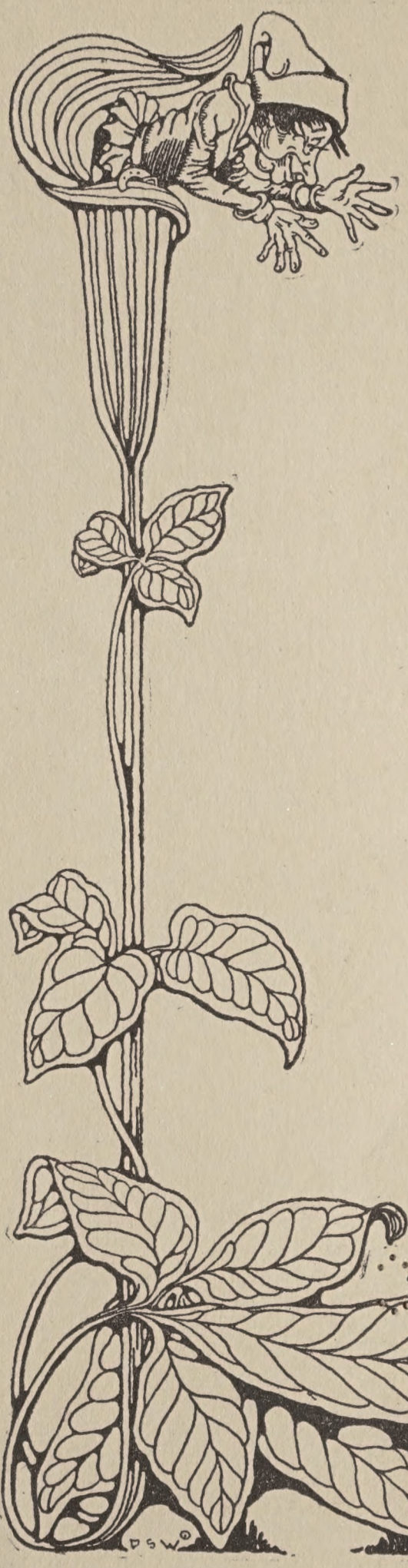

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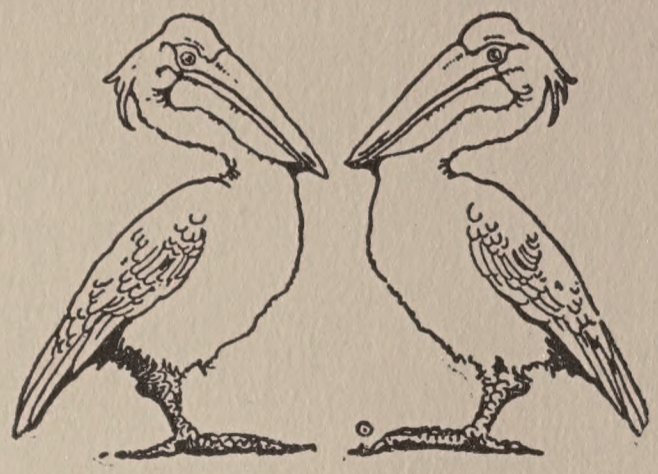
To

MY CHILDREN

CORINNE AND PHOENIX

TO WHOM THESE LITTLE

STORIES WERE FIRST TOLD



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FOREWORD

TELL a child stories of legends and of fairies, so that he can hear the music of the little creatures of the woods, and can sense the throbbing of the flowers' hearts; and you will have given him something that will tint his whole life with beauty—a beauty which sordid details of the world can not smother.

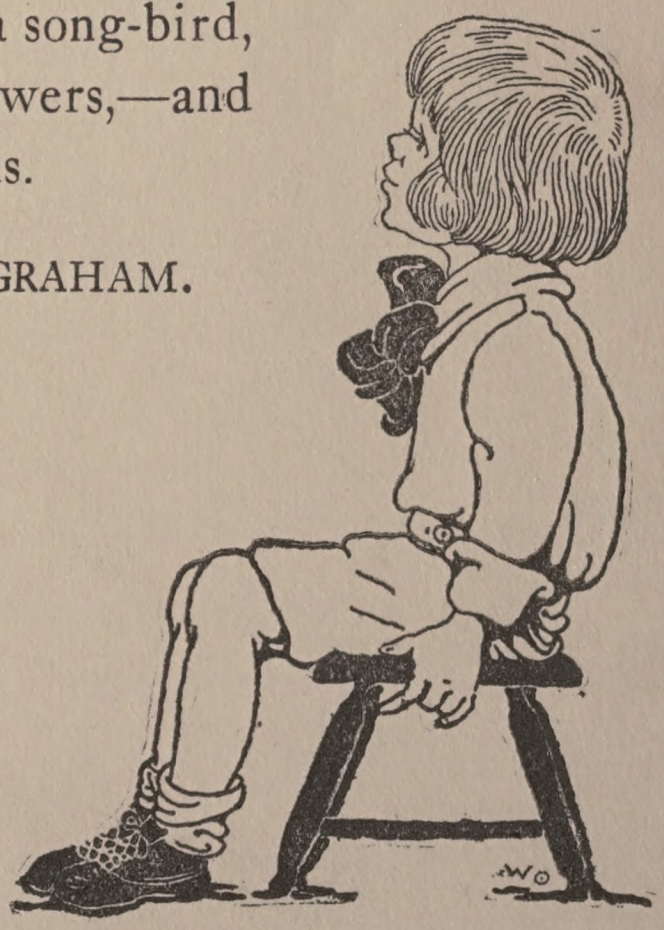
The young mind should early be impregnated with the poetry of nature; for without doubt the impressions of babyhood remain the most poignant of life.

It is my conviction that only by constant repetition in the simple and direct wording familiar to a child can big underlying truths be accentuated in his forming mind.

With this in view I have tried in the following sketches to establish a certain animal fellowship, including a moral significance which the little one will unconsciously accept.

I should like to see in every nursery a song-bird, a bowl of fish and a pot of growing flowers,—and without, the wide, wild fields and woods.

CORRINNE INGRAHAM.



I

COTTONTAIL AND THE WISHING-FAIRY

HAVE you ever heard of the little rabbit who felt sorry for himself? No? Well he was a nice little rabbit and he lived way down in a big hole in the ground. He lived with his little sisters and brothers and with his big Daddy Rabbit and Mother Rabbit. All day long he would play around and look for good things to eat, and at night he would go to bed in a soft corner of the big hole, curl up and go fast asleep.

It was nice and warm in the hole where the rabbits lived because Daddy and Mother Rabbit had put lots of soft grass down there to make their baby rabbits comfortable. Sometimes at night when there was snow on the ground

and the moon and the stars were shining up in the sky they would all wake up and come out of the hole and dance around on the snow. They danced and ran around and around and had a beautiful time. I know they would do this, because I have seen them, and in the morning I could even see on the snow the tiny marks of their funny little feet where they had been playing and dancing.

They were all very happy except the little rabbit who was sorry for himself. His name was "Cottontail" because his tail looked like a little ball of white cotton. Now can you guess why he was sorry for himself? No? Because he could not hear enough. He wanted to be able to hear everything—so what do you think he did?

One night when Daddy and Mother Rabbit and all the baby rabbits were fast asleep he got up and crept out of the hole. He was very careful and quiet so as not to wake them up. He didn't come out to dance and play. He began running! He

ran just as fast as he could. Oh! *How* he ran! After running—klipperty kip, klipperty-kip, klipperty-kip, for a long, long time he came to the End-of-the-earth—and that is *very* far away.

Have you ever heard of the "Wishing-Fairy"? No? Well, the Wishing-Fairy lives at the End-of-the-earth and it is very hard to find her.

Her name is "Stella" and she lives in a beautiful place with lovely flowers all around her and what do you think her little house is? A big, white lily! When she wants to sleep she goes into the lily and the lily closes up very tight and when she wakes up the lily opens wide so she can come out. The bell to her pretty lily-house is one of those cunning little golden things that are deep down in the middle of a flower. (You can see them in any flower if you look very carefully.) They are called stamens—at least some of them are called stamens but the biggest little golden thing is a pistil—(not the kind you shoot with).

If any one wants to wake Stella when she is in the lily-house they pull the tiny golden pistil and out she comes!

Stella has a teeny, weeny crown on her head with a star on it and in her hand she holds a wand. That also has a star on it. Those stars were too small to stay in the sky where all the other stars are. So they fell down to earth and Stella caught them as they fell. Stella's dress is made of rose leaves and she fans herself with a dragon-fly wing! What do you think she rides? A beautiful butterfly! She sits on the butterfly's back

and away they go through the air.

The bees are buzzing around all day getting honey out of the flowers but there are two bees who get honey for Stella only. That is all she likes to eat, but she drinks water out of a blue-bell—because a blue-bell is just like a tiny cup—and every morning there is one drop of water way down in it.

There are lots of funny little men who take care of Stella. They are called Brownies and they sit on mushrooms and in Jack-in-the-pulpits.

What do you think Stella's lights are at night? The fire-flies! Have you ever seen fireflies? Well, you watch some evening and you will see tiny little lights all around that shine and then go out and shine and then go out; and you will know that they are the fireflies.

Cottontail was very tired. He had been running for a long time, so he sat down to rest and all of a sudden he saw a Brownie hop down from a Jack-in-the-pulpit.

"What do you want?" said the Brownie.

"I want to see the Wishing-Fairy," Cottontail answered.

"Well," said the Brownie, "you are much too big. First you must drink some of the water in that pool."

"Why must I do that?" Cottontail asked.

"Don't talk so much. Try it and see what happens," and the Brownie laughed and laughed. "You will be very surprised."

Cottontail was much bigger than the Brownie, so he couldn't understand why he would be surprised; but he wanted very much to see what was going to happen, so he hopped over to the pool and drank some of the water.

"There," he said, "I have had a drink out of the pool. I would like a carrot now."

"A carrot!" laughed the Brownie. "You drank in the 'Get-little-pool' and now you are too small to eat a carrot. A carrot is much bigger than you are now. You could not even hold a carrot in your paws. Look at your paws and see how small they are."

Cottontail looked at his paws, and, sure enough, they were tiny little things, and then he looked around at his tail and he could not see it at all. He was now as small as a—well, let's see—as small as a baby mouse. He began to cry because he was frightened.

"Oh, Brownie," he cried. "I'm too small to eat and I think I am too small to get home. I live very far away. Oh, this is terrible!" and he began crying harder and harder.

"Now that is all right, Cottontail. Stop crying,"—and the nice little Brownie patted him on the back. "You are small because you drank out of the Get-little-pool. You had to do that so as to be little enough to go in and see Stella. When you want to go home again, all you have to do is to drink out of the Get-big-pool and all of a sudden you will be just as you were before, and then you will be big enough to eat carrots and go klipperty-kip, klipperty-kip home again."

"Where is the Get-big-pool?" asked Cottontail.

"There it is," and the Brownie pointed to another pool that was close by them. "Do you want to see Stella, the Wishing-Fairy, now?"

"Yes, indeed," said Cottontail, and he began jumping up and down, for he was so glad.

"Well, come with me," said the little Brownie. "I think we will have to wake her up. Yes, the lily is closed. That means she is inside."

The Brownie went to the lily and pulled the little golden bell.

All of a sudden the lily opened, and there stood Stella. She was so pretty that Cottontail could not say a word. He just looked and looked at her.

"What is your name?" Stella asked him.

"Cottontail is my name, and I live very, very far away. It took me a long time to reach the End-of-the-earth. I hope my Daddy and Mother don't think that I am lost."

"Why did you come to see me?" the fairy asked.

"Well, it is a secret," answered Cottontail, looking sideways at the Brownie; for he wished to be alone with Stella.

"All right," said Stella, "come and whisper it in my ear."

Cottontail hopped over to her, and she put her head quite near his, and Cottontail whispered in her ear, "I came to you because you are called the Wishing-Fairy and you can make any wish come true. My wish is to have very big ears so that I can hear better. My mother says I am curious, and I think she must be right for I want to hear everything, all the funny little sounds in the woods and gardens and in the air. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes, I can and I will," answered Stella. "I *am* the Wishing-Fairy and I can make *any* wish come true. All I have to do is to wave my wand three times around your head while you make your wish and then—well, you will see."

Stella turned to the Brownie, who was sitting on a big mushroom near them, and told him to bring her the wand. When he came back with it, Stella told Cottontail to kneel down. He had a hard time doing it, because as you know rabbits do not kneel; they sit on their hind legs.

Cottontail knelt down and peeped out of the corner of his eye to see what was happening.

Stella took the wand with the tiny star on the end of it and waved it slowly over his head. Cottontail had a very queer feeling in his head; but he did not dare move. Stella waved her wand again, and Cottontail felt his ears growing and grow-

ing. Stella waved her wand a third time, and Cottontail was so excited that he jumped up and down and began hopping around and around. He was so happy; because all of a sudden his ears had become very, very long.

"Oh, thank you, you nice Wishing-Fairy, my wish has come true! I am so glad. Why, now I can hear everything. I am very hungry. May I have a carrot?"

The Brownie began to laugh, so Cottontail turned around and looked at him.

"Why are you laughing, Mr. Brownie?" he asked.

"I am laughing because you have forgotten that you will have to drink in the Get-big-pool before you are big enough to eat a carrot Come along with me and I will show you where it is."

Cottontail told Stella good-by and went with the Brownie. He leaned down over the pool and took a sip of water. All of a sudden he—what do you think? He was just as big as he had been before he drank the water out of the Get-little-pool.

"And the Wishing-Fairy gave all of them long ears"

He was thinking that he had never had so many funny things happen to him, when he saw four Brownies pulling something. It seemed too heavy for them, and they were having a very hard time with it; so he hopped over to ask if he could help, and what do you think they were pulling? A carrot! Just *one* carrot! But you see the Brownies are not half as big as a carrot, so it must have been awfully heavy for them to carry.

As Cottontail was terribly hungry he ate it all up, and then he told the kind little Brownies good-by and started back klipperty-kip, klipperty-kip, klipperty-kip, to show his daddy and mother and sister and brother rabbits his nice new long ears.

All the way home he could hear the things the birds were telling one another, what the bees were whispering to the flowers—what the breeze was singing to the earth, and he could even hear all the little voices in the woods that no one else can hear.

Now you know why the rabbit has long ears; because he can hear *everything*.

II

MR. AND MRS. OWL AND THE WISHING-FAIRY

IT took Cottontail an awfully long while to reach his family, and he was very glad and terribly tired when at last he hopped into his home and saw Daddy and Mother Rabbit and his brothers and sisters. They all began talking at once.

"Where in the world have you been?" asked Daddy Rabbit.

"Why are you so tired?" Mother Rabbit asked him.

"Were you lost?" a little sister rabbit asked.

"What on earth has happened to your ears? They are *so* long," a little brother rabbit began. "Why, I have never *seen* such ears!" Then they all started hopping

around him, and everybody looked at his new long ears. Cottontail was so proud of them that he put his ears straight up that each one might see how long they were.

"I want some ears like yours," cried a little sister rabbit. "They are beautiful. How can I get them?"

"You can," answered Cottontail. "Let us sit down and I will tell you all about everything. To begin with, I ran to the End-of-the-earth, because at the End-of-the-earth the Wishing-Fairy lives."

"Who is she?" Mother Rabbit asked.

"Well," said Cottontail, "her name is 'Stella,' and she is called the Wishing-Fairy because she can make anybody's wish come true if they go and see her and tell it to her. You always said I was curious, Mother, and I think you were right, because I wished that I could hear everything, so I went and told her so and she made my ears long and now—what *do* you think? *Now*—I can hear everything!"

"Is it hard to find the Wishing-Fairy?" they all asked at the same time.

"Yes, it is," Cottontail answered, "but if you want, I'll go with you and show you where she is—I am tired now; but when I am rested I'll take you there."

"Oh, yes, indeed, we do want to go! We want to hear everything too." They were so happy that all the rabbits began hopping around and kissing Cottontail, and patting his beautiful long ears and laughing.

Cottontail told them about Stella, the Wishing-Fairy, her lily-house, the Brownies, the Get-little-pool and the Get-big-pool. He told them about everything. Then they all went fast asleep in the warm hole where they lived.

A few days after that Cottontail took the whole family to the End-of-the-earth to see the Wishing-Fairy, and she gave all of them long ears. Then the rabbits began hopping klipperty-kip, klipperty-kip, klipperty-kip home.

On the way back Cottontail's smallest sister began to cry, for she was very tired, so they all sat down to rest a bit and while they were resting they heard a funny noise up in the trees.

They all looked up and listened—now they could hear everything. What do you think they saw?

Way up in a tree there were two owls! They were looking down at the rabbits and whispering—and looking and whispering.

The rabbits could even hear what they were whispering.

"Are those *rabbits,* do you think?" they heard Mrs. Owl ask Mr. Owl.

"Whoever saw rabbits with ears as long as theirs?"—and Mr. Owl began laughing.

"Well," answered Mrs. Owl, "*what* are they? Shall we ask them?"

"Come down here on the ground," old Daddy Rabbit called to them.

"Yes, come down," cried all the other rabbits.

Mr. and Mrs. Owl flew down very slowly, because they were a little afraid.

"You need not be afraid of us," said Cottontail; "we are only rabbits."

"Rabbits—with ears like yours!" Mr. Owl said, in a very astonished way.

"Yes, rabbits," answered Mother Rabbit. "Stella gave us these nice long ears. We think they are beautiful, and besides —now we can hear everything."

"Who is Stella?" Mr. and Mrs. Owl asked.

So the rabbits told the owls about the Wishing-Fairy, and Mr. and Mrs. Owl were *very* interested.

"Would you mind telling us where Stella lives?" begged Mrs. Owl, "because we have a wish too."

"All right," said Cottontail. "All you have to do is to fly over there,"—and he pointed with one of his long ears—"and just keep on flying until you come to the End-of-the-earth —and—well, you will find her."

"Thank you so much," said Mr. Owl very politely.

"Yes, thanks *lots,*" Mrs. Owl said. "I think we had better start now," and off they flew.

They flew and they flew, and when they came to the End-of-the-earth it was night and so dark that they could not see a

thing, so they both sat up in the branch of a tree and waited for morning. As soon as it began to be light they saw the bees and butterflies wake up, and they also saw the Brownies jump down from the Jack-in-the-pulpits where they had been sleeping. The bees seemed very busy. They were getting honey for Stella's breakfast.

One of the Brownies passed under the tree in which Mr. and Mrs. Owl were sitting. The Brownie was carrying a blue-bell flower in which there was a drop of water; that also was for Stella's breakfast. All of a sudden the Brownie looked up and he saw the two owls.

"Hello," he called out, "what are you doing?"

"We came here to see Stella, the Wishing-Fairy," answered Mr. Owl in a very sleepy voice, for he was tired. He and Mrs. Owl had been flying from so far away.

"I suppose the rabbits must have told you about Stella," said the Brownie. "There were a lot of rabbits here. All right, just wait awhile and I will tell her."

"Thank you very much," said the owls. "Do you suppose it will be long before we can have a little talk with her?"

"I'll see," answered the Brownie. "She is going to have her bath and her breakfast now, and then she will see you. While I am with her you both might come down and have a

drink out of the Get-little-pool, so that you will be ready."

"Ready for what?" asked the owls.

"Ready to see Stella," answered the Brownie.

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Owl.

"Well, you will soon,"—the Brownie laughed—"Just have a little drink and then you will see what I mean."

By this time both Mr. and Mrs. Owl were very curious; so down they flew and began drinking out of the Get-little-pool.

"I've had enough," began Mrs. Owl, and she looked around to see Mr. Owl. "My Gracious! What has happened to you? Why, all of a sudden you are only about as big as one of my feathers, you—"

"Well, you needn't talk like that," answered Mr. Owl; "you ought to see yourself! Ha-ha-ha!" and he was laughing so that he could not talk for a minute. "Why, you are about as big as my ear! Ha-ha!"

"What *has* happened to us?" cried Mrs. Owl; but just then the Brownie ran up to them.

"Oh! Now you are quite ready," he said. "Come with me, for Stella is waiting for you."

The owls were so surprised about everything that they did not quite know *what* was happening until they found themselves one on each side of the Wishing-Fairy, and each whispering in her ear at the same time. The next thing they knew she was waving her wand around their heads and then they noticed that their eyes were growing bigger and bigger—because, you see, *their* wish had been to be able to see better. They found themselves being led by the little old Brownies to another pool. (It was the Get-big-pool.) They had a drink out of that, and then the next thing they knew they were both sitting away up on a tree.

"Well! Did you ever!" they both said at once. "Here we are again. Why, we are just as big as we ever were and our eyes are—like saucers, and there doesn't seem to be anything we cannot see, no matter *how* far away it is! It is wonderful! Now I suppose we might as well fly home," and off they started.

They flew and flew and it began to grow dark. The moon and stars were shining and—what do you think? They found that even in the dark they could see everything!

Now you know why the owls have such big eyes.

III

THE KANGAROO AND THE WISHING-FAIRY

HAVE you ever seen a kangaroo?

Here is a picture of one.

The Kangaroo can go very fast, for it has long hind legs and can jump awfully far.

One day the Kangaroo, who had been hopping around for a long while, thought she would lie down and rest. She had left her baby kangaroo in her home, because whenever she took her baby with her she lost it and would have a dreadful time finding it. Baby kangaroos are always hopping around without remembering that they must not go too far away from their mother or they will get lost.

The mother kangaroo went fast asleep. She slept a long time, and at last woke up, because she felt something tickling her ear. She jumped a little, and there, standing on her paw, was a tiny little man in brown with a funny cap on his head. In his hand he held a blade of grass and was laughing as he tickled the kangaroo's ear with it.

"Well," said the Kangaroo, "who on earth are *you*? I never saw a man as tiny as you are! You are not as big as my baby's foot!! Who are you, anyhow?"

Do you know who it was? No?

Listen—the little man laughed a long time. "What makes you think I am a man? I'm not. I am a Brownie and I live here with Stella."

"Who is Stella?" the Kangaroo asked.

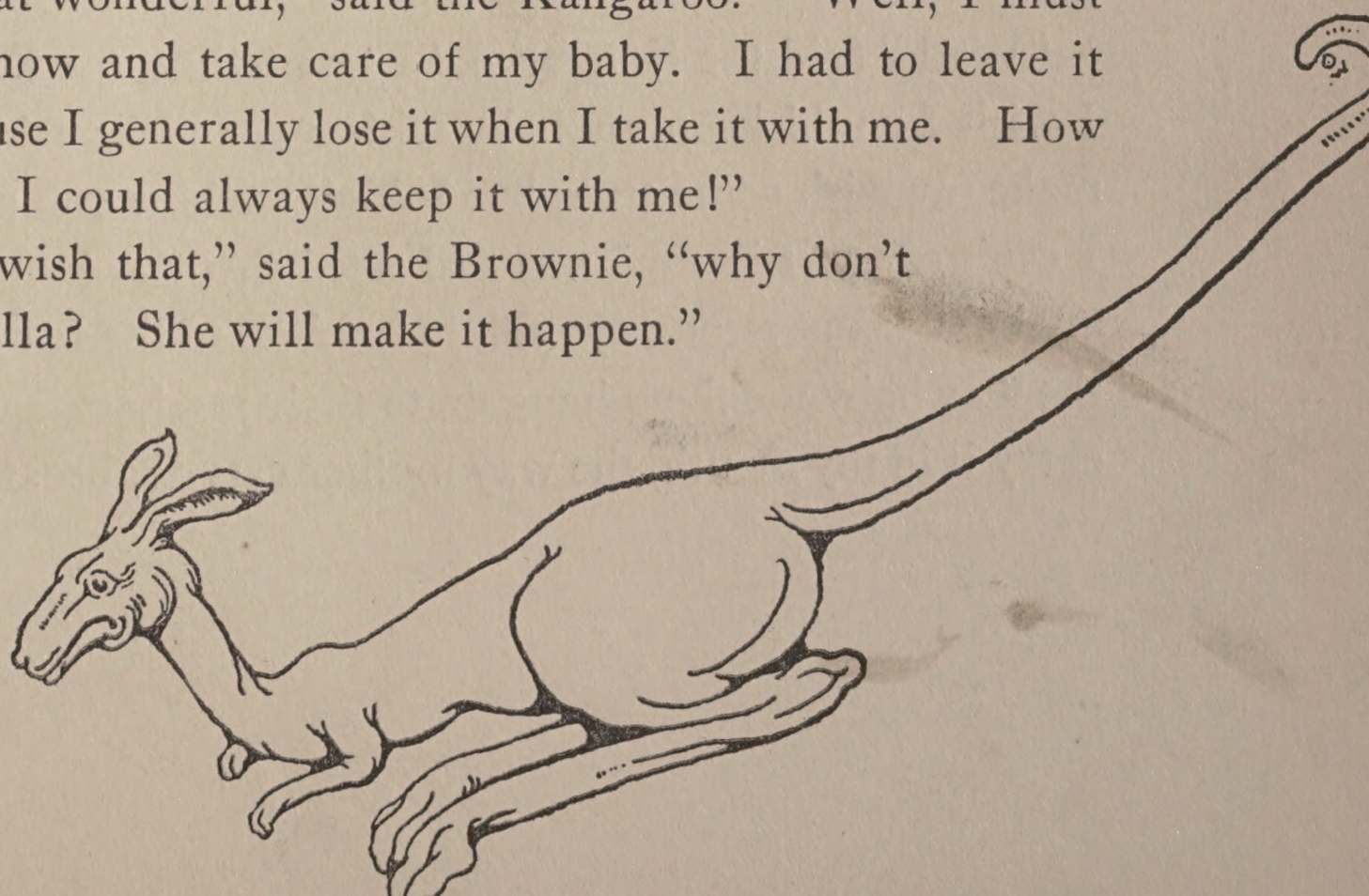
"Who is *Stella*!" said the Brownie. "Well, I *am* surprised. I thought every one knew about Stella! She is the Wishing-Fairy. I mean by that, that she makes wishes come true."

"Can she make any wish come true?"

"Yes, indeed, she can," answered the Brownie proudly.

"Isn't that wonderful," said the Kangaroo. "Well, I must run home now and take care of my baby. I had to leave it home because I generally lose it when I take it with me. How I wish that I could always keep it with me!"

"If you wish that," said the Brownie, "why don't you tell Stella? She will make it happen."



"Do you think she could?"

"I'm sure she could. Come. Do you see that little pool of water over there?"—and the Brownie pointed with the blade of grass that he still held in his hand.

"Yes," nodded the Kangaroo, "what about it?"

"That," answered the Brownie, "is the Get-little-pool. You must drink out of that so as to become very small—"

"But I am big," said the Kangaroo, "and I don't want to be small."

"Oh! that's all right," explained the Brownie; "you have to be small enough to speak to Stella. You see, she is not quite as big as I am. As soon as you have talked with her I will show you the Get-big-pool, and after you drink from that you will again be just as big as you now are. Are you coming?"

"Yes, indeed." And the Kangaroo went over to the pool with the Brownie and took a swallow of the water in the Get-little-pool. Just then Stella came towards them.

"I heard you two talking," she began. "Did you want to see me?"

"Well," said the Kangaroo, "I was telling the Brownie that I wish I could keep my baby with me, and he said you could make my wish come true; but I don't see how you can, because I can't carry it in my arms as I need them to jump with, and my baby is not strong enough to hold on to the fur of my chest the way baby monkeys hang on to their mothers, and I can not carry it in my mouth, the way mother cats do, because my baby

cried when I tried to do that. So I really do not see what you can do about it. Do you?"

Stella was very quiet a minute.

"Yes, I've thought of a way. You see people carry their babies in their arms or tie them on their backs. If your baby were put on your back, it would fall off when you jump; so I am going to give you a big warm pocket, and you can stick your baby in that, and it will be perfectly safe there."

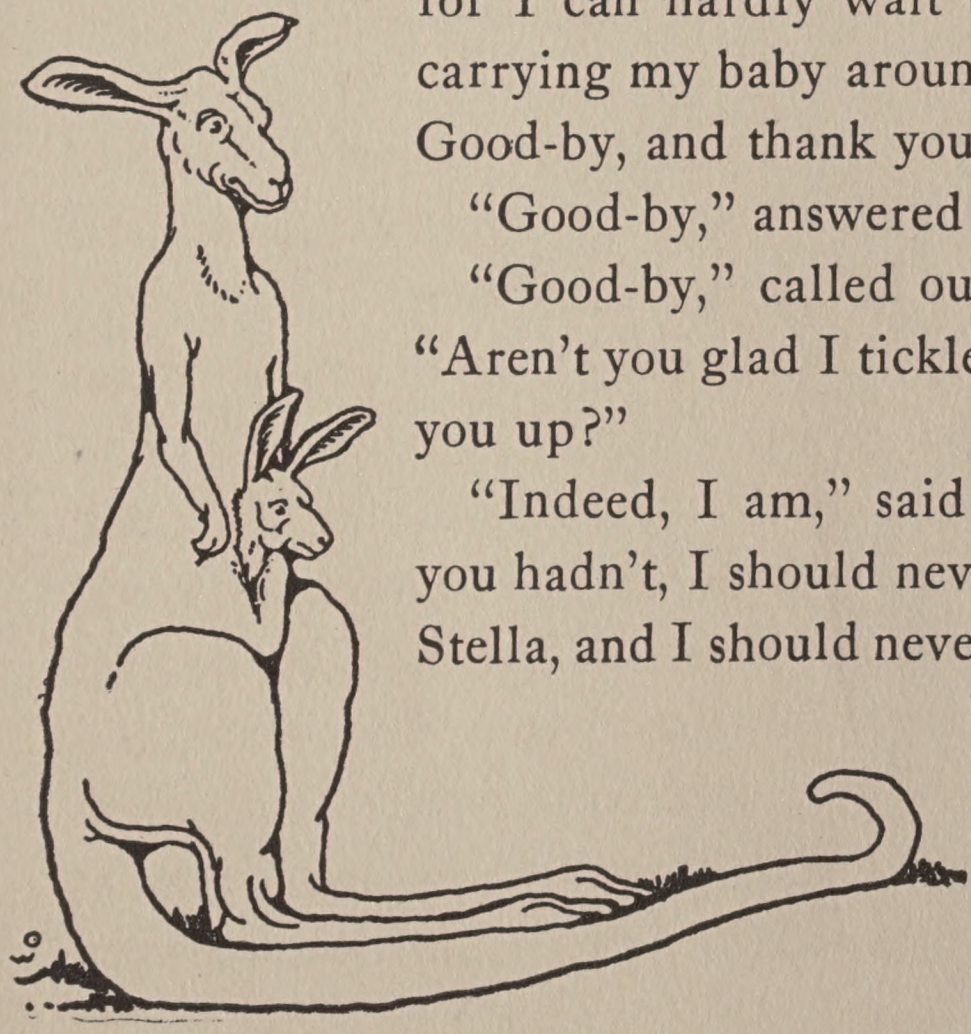
With that she waved her wand three times over the Kangaroo's head, and, sure enough, when the Kangaroo looked down, there was a big warm fur pocket right over her stomach!

"Oh, that is a wonderful idea! Thank you *ever* so much," said the Kangaroo. "Now, I'll drink out of the Get-big-pool, for I can hardly wait to get home and try carrying my baby around in my new pocket. Good-by, and thank you again."

"Good-by," answered Stella.

"Good-by," called out the little Brownie. "Aren't you glad I tickled your ear and woke you up?"

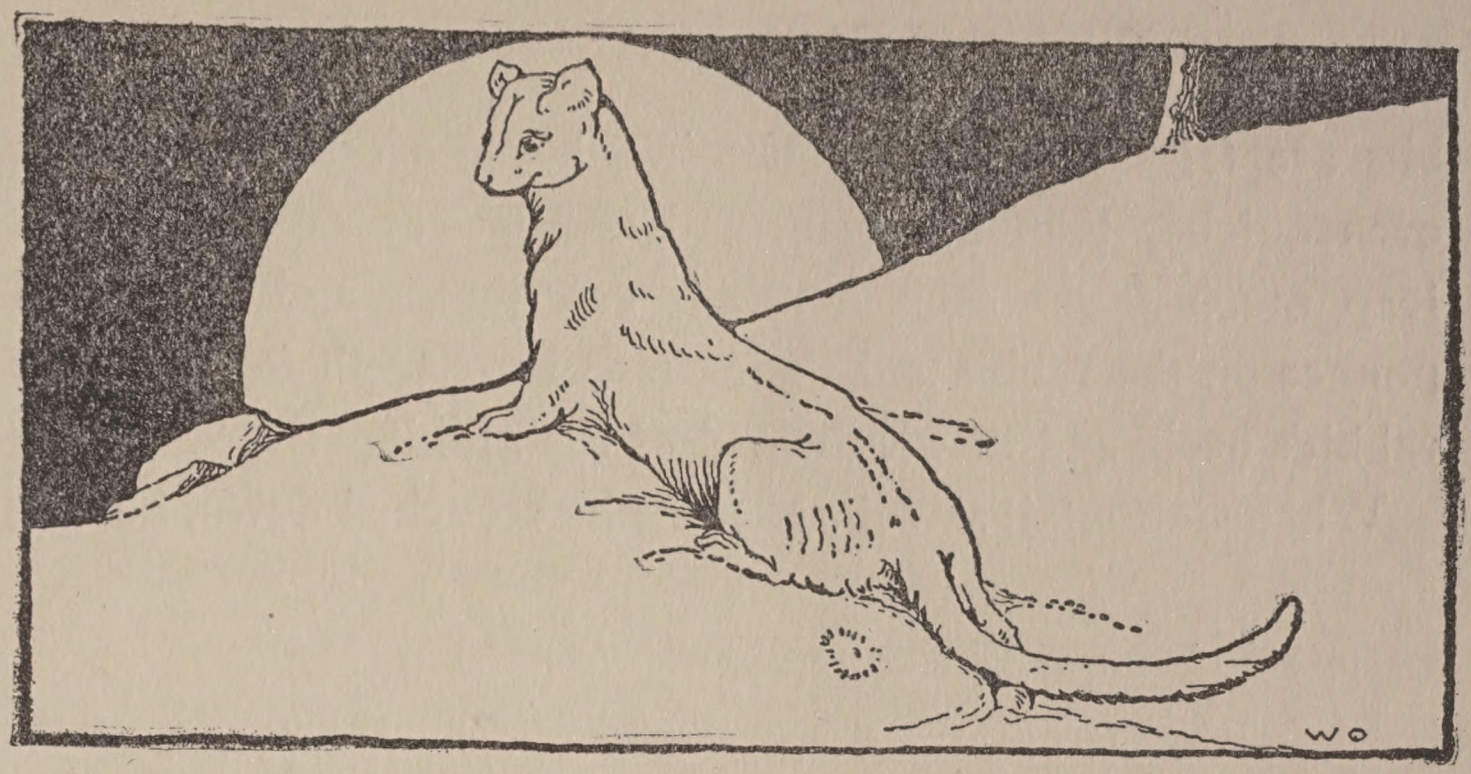
"Indeed, I am," said the Kangaroo. "If you hadn't, I should never have known about Stella, and I should never have had the lovely big pocket. Thanks very much, and good-by."



Never had the kangaroo jumped as

fast as she did that day, and in a very short time she was home again. She found her baby fast asleep. She didn't care if she woke it or not, she was in such a hurry to put it in her pocket. It just fitted in, and the baby kangaroo liked it because it was warm and comfortable, and the mother kangaroo liked it because she had her baby in a good safe place.

So now the baby kangaroo can go everywhere with its mother, and it is never lost.



IV

THE ERMINE GOES TO SEE STELLA

THERE is a little animal called the Ermine. In summer its fur is gray and brown, while in winter it becomes perfectly white. I wonder if you know why it changes colors in this queer way. The reason is that in summer when there are grasses and leaves and flowers it has colored fur, and in winter when there is snow on the ground it has white fur and looks just the same as the snow, so that in this way you can hardly see it when it is on the snow. Bigger animals and tremendous birds such as the chicken hawk cannot easily see it or catch and kill it.

But the little Ermine didn't know this. One day while it was running across the snow it saw Cottontail, the rabbit, who was sitting up very straight because he was frightened. Rab-

bits are frightened of the Ermine, because ermine can run even quicker than they can, and ermine eat rabbits. They leap much faster than a rabbit can jump, and then they pounce on the rabbit and their sharp little teeth fasten in the rabbit's neck, and that is the end of the rabbit.

When Cottontail saw the Ermine he crouched down, hoping

he had not been seen; but the Ermine had already seen him, so Cottontail ran away off; but the Ermine hurried after him.

"Stop, Cottontail," he called. "I won't hurt you."

But Cottontail hurried even faster.

"Please, Cottontail, I *promise* I won't hurt you. I only want to ask you a question."

But Cottontail by this time was going like the wind.

"Please, Cottontail, I promise. No one can break a prom-

ise—you know that. Please stop a minute. I won't even come very near you if you will only stop so that I can talk to you."

Cottontail ran a little slower and looking out of the corner of his eye he saw that the Ermine had stopped altogether, so he stopped too.

"What do you want?" he called back.

"I only want to ask you where you got those long, beautiful ears," the Ermine answered.

"The Wishing-Fairy gave them to me."

"Who is that?" the Ermine asked.

Cottontail, who was quite far away from the Ermine, told all about Stella and his wonderful visit to her at the End-of-the-earth.

The Ermine was very interested, and he asked Cottontail if he would take him there, but Cottontail told him that nothing could make him go with him to the End-of-the-earth because he was scared of the Ermine and Stella lived very far away.

"But you ask the owls to show you," he said. "Perhaps they will because you can't catch them; they can fly ahead of you."

"That is a good idea," the Ermine answered. "I'll do that to-night. It is very nice of you to tell me all this, Cottontail, and you see I kept my promise. I didn't hurt you. No one can *possibly* break a promise."

"Yes, you kept your promise," Cottontail answered, "but,

just the same, I wish you would turn around and go the other way. Go and see the owls now."

"Very well," said the Ermine; "good-by. Thanks again," and off he started for the old tree where the owls lived.

When he reached the tree he knew it was a silly thing to do, for owls always sleep in the daytime and fly around at night. So he went away, and that evening just as the moon was showing over the hills he went back and waited under the owls' tree.

Presently he saw them come out of the big hole that was half way up the trunk of the tree.

"Hello there, Mrs. Owl," he called very softly.

"Good evening, Mr. Ermine," she said.

"Mrs. Owl," the Ermine began, "I saw Cottontail this afternoon and he told me all about the Wishing-Fairy. I want to see her so I asked him if he would show me the way, but he said he wouldn't and told me to ask you."

"Why do you want to see her?" Mrs. Owl asked.

"Because in the winter when

my fur becomes white, I'm so white that on the snow I can't see myself."

"Well, I should think you would be very glad," answered Mrs. Owl, "because the larger animals can't see you either, and it is much safer for you."

"Just the same I should like to see Stella. Will you take me to her?"

"Wait one moment," Mrs. Owl said, and disappeared in the hole in the tree. In a minute she came out with Mr. Owl.

"We are going back this evening," said Mr. Owl, "to thank her for our wonderful eyes. She gave us these big eyes and we can see everything now. We can even see in the dark. If you want to, you may follow us. We are going now."

The Ermine had a hard time following them, because by this time it was very dark. Once he lost them, but after a few minutes the owls came back and found him and off they started again.

After he had seen Stella he couldn't at first see that he was at all changed and he was very disappointed. He sat down near the Get-big-pool and cried quietly. A Brownie came up to him.

"What is the trouble?" the Brownie asked.

"I'm so unhappy," sobbed the Ermine. "I think Stella might have made my wish come true."

"What was your wish?" the Brownie asked.

"I wished that she would do something for me so that I can see myself when I'm on the snow. I never know what

is *snow* or what is *me* because we are both plain white. It is too bad," and he began crying again.

"Well, before you cry so much," said the Brownie, "you had better look at yourself again."

The Ermine stopped crying.

"What do you mean?"—and he jumped up very quickly.

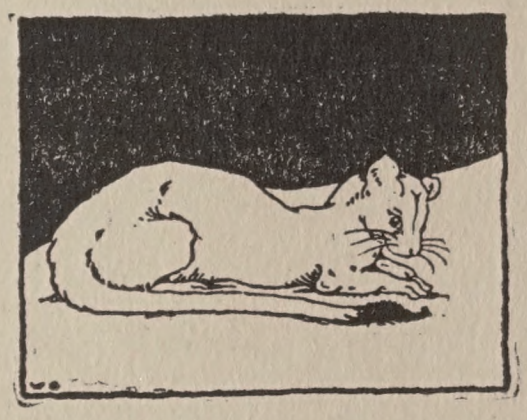
He looked first at his right paw and then at his left—then he turned his head around, and when he saw his tail he began laughing, because he was so happy.

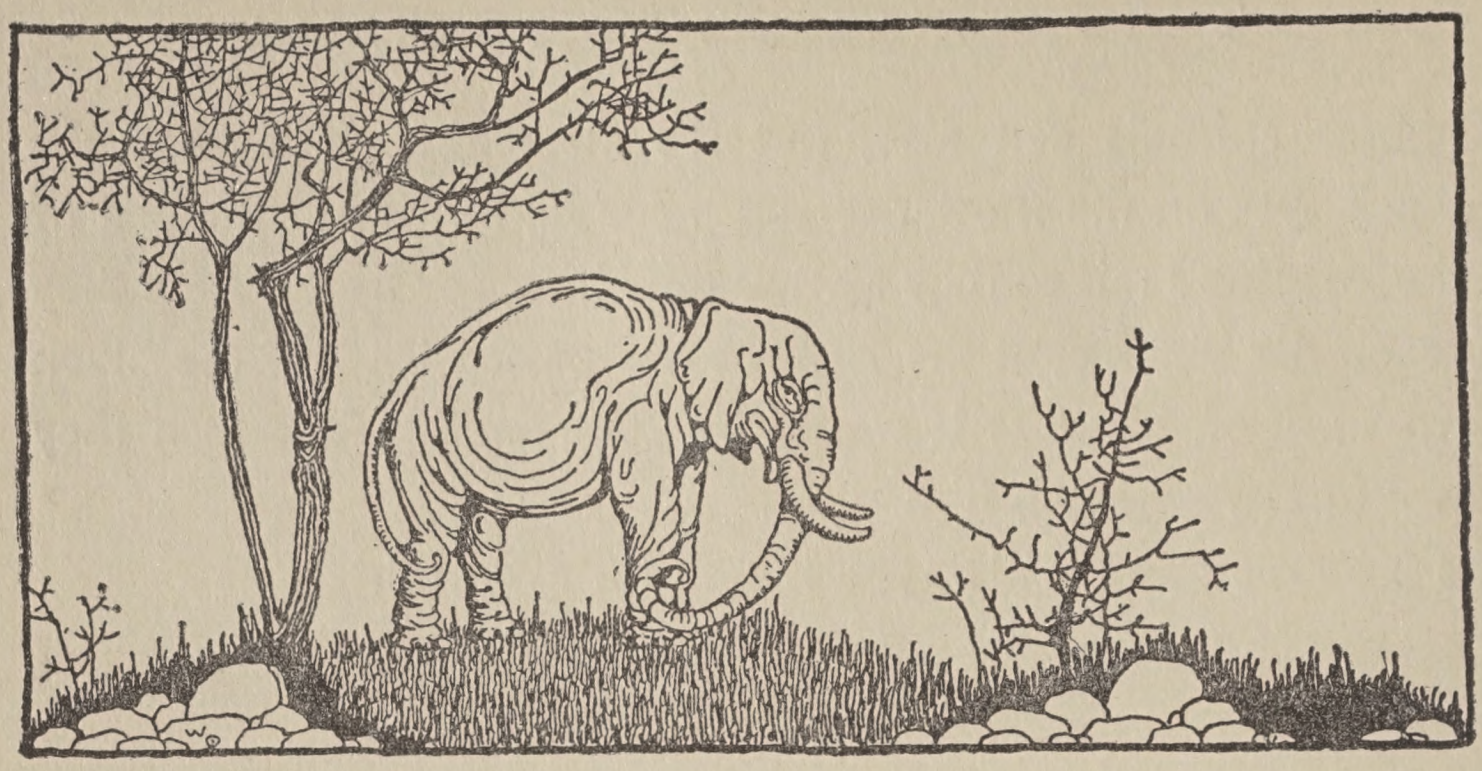
The tip of his tail was black!

That is the reason of the black tip of the Ermine's tail; so that all he has to do is to turn around and when he sees the little spot of black on the snow he can find himself. The

bigger animals can also, but it's all right. They see the black spot on the snow and jump for it; but it's at the end of the Ermine's tail so they always miss him, for by the time they reach the black spot the Ermine has passed by. If the black tip were on his *nose* it would be very terrible, for then they would always catch him.

You see there is always a *reason* for everything.





V

THE ELEPHANT

HE Elephant had heard of the Wishing-Fairy. So he wanted to see her. He asked the Kangaroo to tell him how he could find the End-of-the-earth, and, as soon as he had been told, off he went.

It did not take him very long to get there, because the Elephant is a big animal, and, when he wants to, he can run very fast.

When he reached the place where Stella and the Brownies live, he looked around and the first thing he saw was the Get-little-pool. He was very thirsty from having run such a long way. So, what do you think he did?

He began drinking and drinking and drinking, and all of a sudden he found he had drunk all the pool up.

All the time he had been drinking out of the Get-little-pool he had been growing smaller and smaller, but he had not noticed it until all of a sudden he knew that he was only as big as a button, and he was awfully frightened. You can't imagine *how* frightened he was, and he began crying and howling. He made such a noise crying and howling that Stella came out of her lily-house to see what was the trouble. All the Brownies ran up and Stella's bees and her butterfly (the one she rides) hurried over too.

The Brownies were very angry when they saw that the Elephant had drunk up all the water in the Get-little-pool, and they started to scold him terribly; but Stella made them stop, and she told them to bring some more water for the pool.

They went and got their little buckets, and down they went to the river for water, and in a few minutes the pool looked just as it had before the Elephant had begun drinking out of it.

Do you know what the Brownies' buckets are? No! Each Brownie has a sea-shell. Do you know where they get the sea-shells from? Well, I will tell you.

Stella is the Wishing-Fairy at the End-of-the-earth. At the end of the sea there lives another beautiful fairy, and once she sent Stella a present. She sent Stella some lovely big sea-shells, and

Stella told the Brownies to use them as buckets. They can fill the shells full of water and carry them anywhere.

The Elephant, who was still thirsty, tried to drink the water that the Brownies had put into the pool; but Stella told him to wait, because in a few minutes she would want him to drink out of the Get-big-pool.

The Elephant stopped crying a moment and looked at Stella.

"If I drank out of the Get-little-pool and all of a sudden became little, will I all of a sudden become big after I shall have drunk out of the Get-big-pool?"

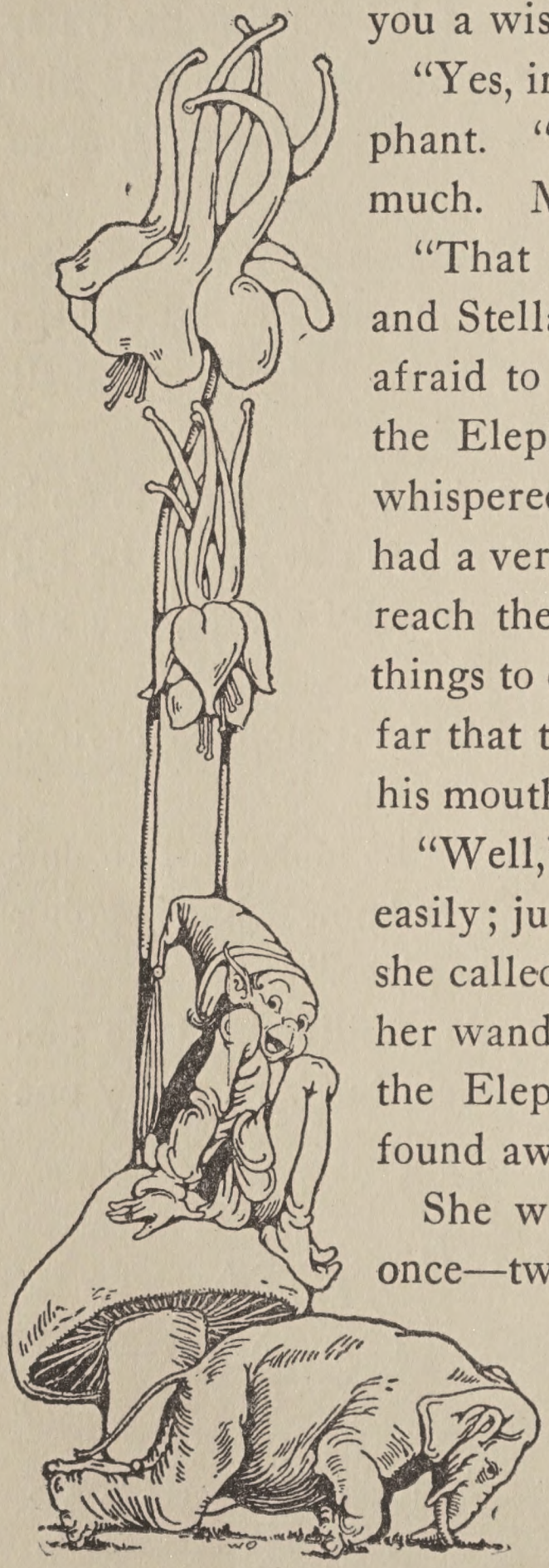
"Of course," answered Stella, "that is why you have to do it —so as to be as big as you were before you saw me, to be big enough to go back to your world again. Of course, you are quite right."

As soon as Stella said this, the Elephant stopped crying, began to wipe his eyes and was happy again.

"I like this place," he said to Stella, as he looked all around him, "it is very interesting. You never know what is going to happen next. I think it is a lovely place."

"I am glad you like it," said Stella, smiling. "I do too. It is my home, and I love it very much, but . . . every one

loves one's *home*. You haven't told me yet, Mr. Elephant, why you came to see me. What can I do for you? Have you a wish?"



"Yes, indeed, I have," answered the Elephant. "I have a wish that I wish very much. May I tell it to you?"

"That is just what I want you to do," and Stella smiled so that he would not be afraid to tell her what his wish was. So, the Elephant stumbled over to her and whispered in her ear that he had always had a very hard time in making his mouth reach the ground, where he tried to find things to eat, because his tusks stuck out so far that they hit the ground first and kept his mouth away from it.

"Well," said Stella, "I can fix that very easily; just wait until I get my wand," and she called to one of her Brownies to bring her wand. As soon as she had it, she told the Elephant to kneel down, which he found awfully hard to do.

She waved her wand around his head once—twice—three times, and suddenly the Elephant felt his nose begin to grow and grow.

He was so surprised as he

watched it grow larger and larger that he could not speak.

"What *is* the matter with my nose?" he asked as soon as he could talk. "I don't think I like it. What has happened to it?"

"I think that you *will* like it very much," said Stella, "when I tell you what you are to do with it. I made your nose grow long so that when you see anything on the ground you want to eat you can pick it up with your nose, because now it is much longer than your tusks, and they will not be in the way; then you bend your nose back and put your food in your mouth. You will find it will work easily."

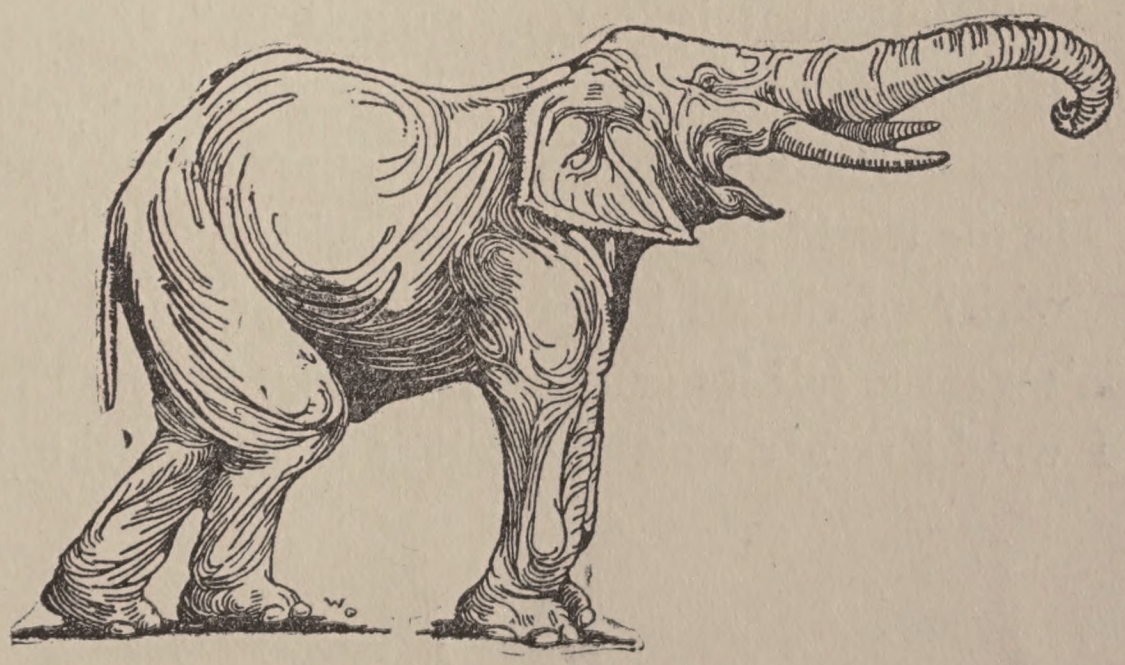
And it did.

All the way home the Elephant kept picking up things from the ground with his nose. He would carry the things up to his mouth, and he was so happy because it worked very nicely.

So now, you know why the Elephant has such a long nose.

But you must also know that the Elephant's nose is called his trunk.

Isn't that a funny thing to call it?



VI

THE GIRAFFE

THE Elephant had told the Giraffe about Stella because he was so happy that Stella had given him his long nose.

The Giraffe was awfully excited.

He said he wanted to go and see Stella, because he also had a wish to tell her.

"Well, that isn't very surprising," answered the Elephant, as he swung his long nose around and around from side to side, "because you see, every one in the world has a wish of some kind. What is your wish? I should love to know what it is."

"I don't want to tell it to any one, not even to you, Elephant, dear. I would rather wait and tell it to the Wishing-Fairy

and see what happens. You really don't mind, do you?"

"Of *course,* I don't mind. I understand *perfectly.* I happen to know that the thing one wishes for *most,* always seems to be the thing that one doesn't like to talk to everybody about. One likes to keep it a secret—all to oneself."

"That is true," answered the Giraffe, as he scratched his side with one of his hind feet, "that *is* true, but how in the world did *you* know it?"

"Well," began the Elephant, and he smiled and thought a while, "you see, I am very old, and the older one grows the more one learns. I guess that is how I know. When you are older you will find that I am right."

"Will you tell me how to find Stella?" asked the Giraffe.

"Of course, I will," the Elephant said. "It won't be hard for you. It wasn't hard for me either, because you and I can run so fast. It is very easy. You just look in the right direction and then you keep running over there," and the Elephant pointed with his nose, "over there where the earth and the sky touch one another."

"Well, that seems easy enough," said the Giraffe. "I think I will start *now*."

"That is right," the Elephant said. "There never is any use waiting to do a thing that we are going to do, if we *can* do it *now*. Good-by, and give my love to Stella and be sure that you do not lose your way."

"Good-by," the Giraffe called back, for by this time he had started and was already quite far away.

He was very glad when he found the End-of-the-earth, and he was also quite tired, so he stopped to lie down in the soft grass to rest his legs and while he was resting, what do you think he saw?

He saw all the Brownies playing hide-and-go-seek, and he also saw Stella who was riding around on her butterfly. They were all having a lovely time, and he lay very quietly for a long while and watched them.

"I have a wish. Please give me a very long neck"

The Brownies were hiding here and there under mushrooms and in Jack-in-the-pulpits and behind trees. Suddenly, one of the Brownies, who was looking for another one who was behind a big tree, saw the Giraffe.

"Hello," he called out, "what do you want?"

"Hello," answered the Giraffe, getting up on his feet, "I want to see Stella, but I thought I would wait until she stopped riding her butterfly, for she seems to be having *such* a good time." But Stella had heard him. Her butterfly flew over to where the Giraffe and the Brownie were talking, and Stella called to him.

"Did I hear you say that you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, indeed, I should like to have a little talk with you—if you are sure that you are tired of riding your butterfly."

"Oh! yes," answered Stella, "I have been riding a long while, and I was going to stop anyhow."

The butterfly had flown down to the ground and had spread out his wings, and Stella hopped off.

"Have you a wish?" she asked the Giraffe.

"Yes, indeed, I have,—and it is a big one. I wonder if you will make it come true." As the Giraffe said this, he ran over to where Stella was standing.

"Oh!" she cried, as she jumped out of his way. "You are much too big to come near me. Before you come any closer

you must go and drink out of the Get-little-pool. After you have done that, you will find that you are as small as I am. Then, after we have talked together, there is a Get-big-pool for you to drink from and you will become big again—big enough to run through the woods and fields and rivers back to your home."

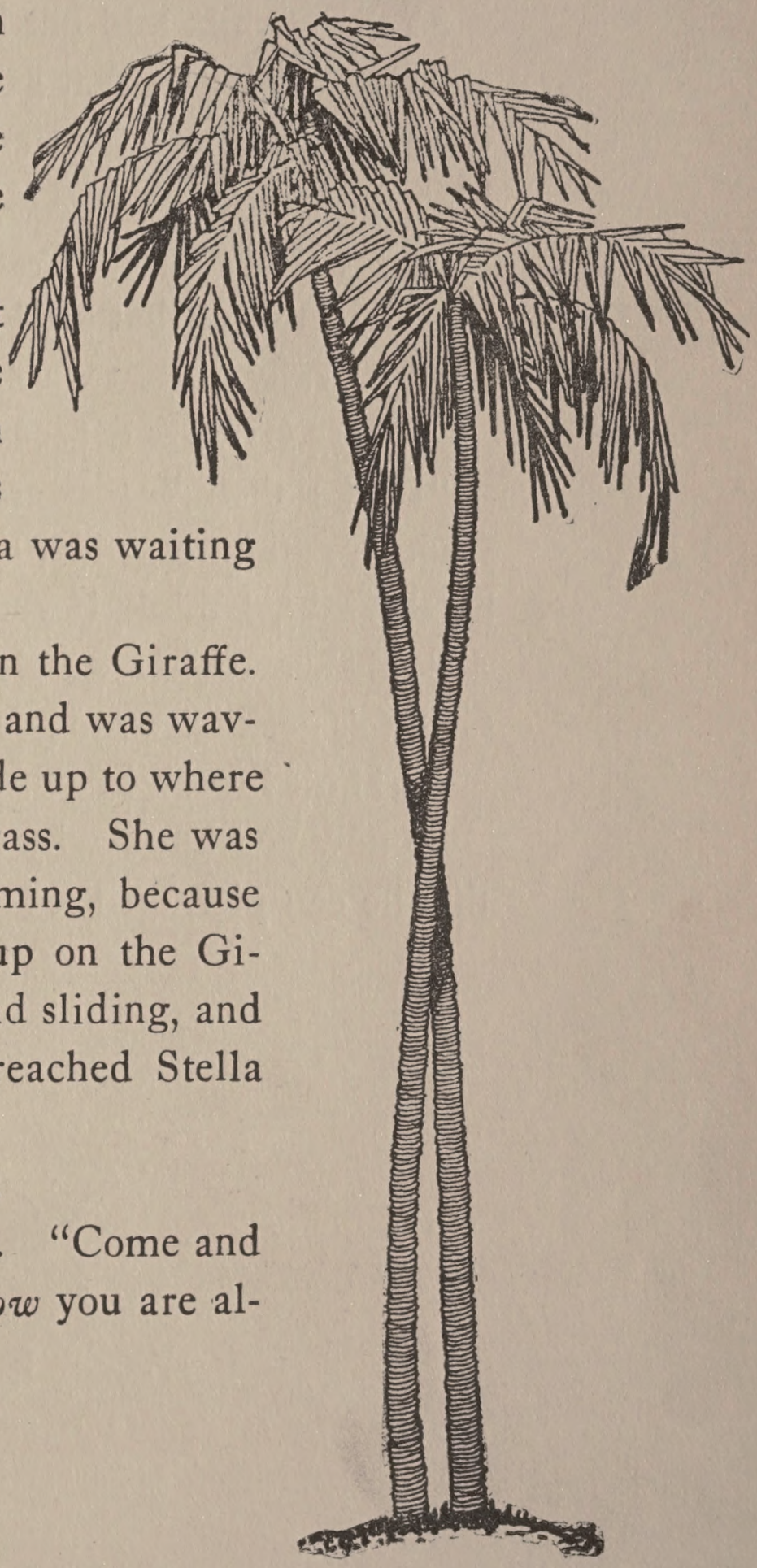
One of the Brownies said to Stella.

"Shall I take the Giraffe to the Get-little-pool?"

"Yes, I wish you would, and I should also like you to get me my wand. I left it in the lily-house."

"I will be back before you can count one—two—three," said the Brownie. "Come with me," he called to the Giraffe, "I will take you to the Get-little pool."

After the Giraffe had drunk out of the Get-little-pool he became quite small; small enough for him to ask the Brownie to hop on his back and ride over to where Stella was waiting for them.



The Brownie had a nice ride on the Giraffe. He had Stella's wand in one hand and was waving it around and around as he rode up to where Stella was sitting on a blade of grass. She was laughing as she watched him coming, because the Brownie looked very funny up on the Giraffe's back. He kept slipping and sliding, and once he almost fell off; but he reached Stella safely and handed her the wand.

Stella patted the Giraffe's head.

"What is your wish?" she asked. "Come and whisper it in my ear. You see *now* you are almost as small as I am."

"I wish something very much," the Giraffe said.

"I know," laughed Stella, "and I will make it come true for you. Come and tell me all about it."

So the Giraffe told her how he always seemed to be hungry and that the leaves that grow away up on the tops of the trees were the ones that he wanted most to eat, but they were too high for him to reach.

"That is always the way," and Stella smiled. "Every one wants the things that are too far away—the things they cannot reach. Why do you want the leaves on the tops of the trees?"

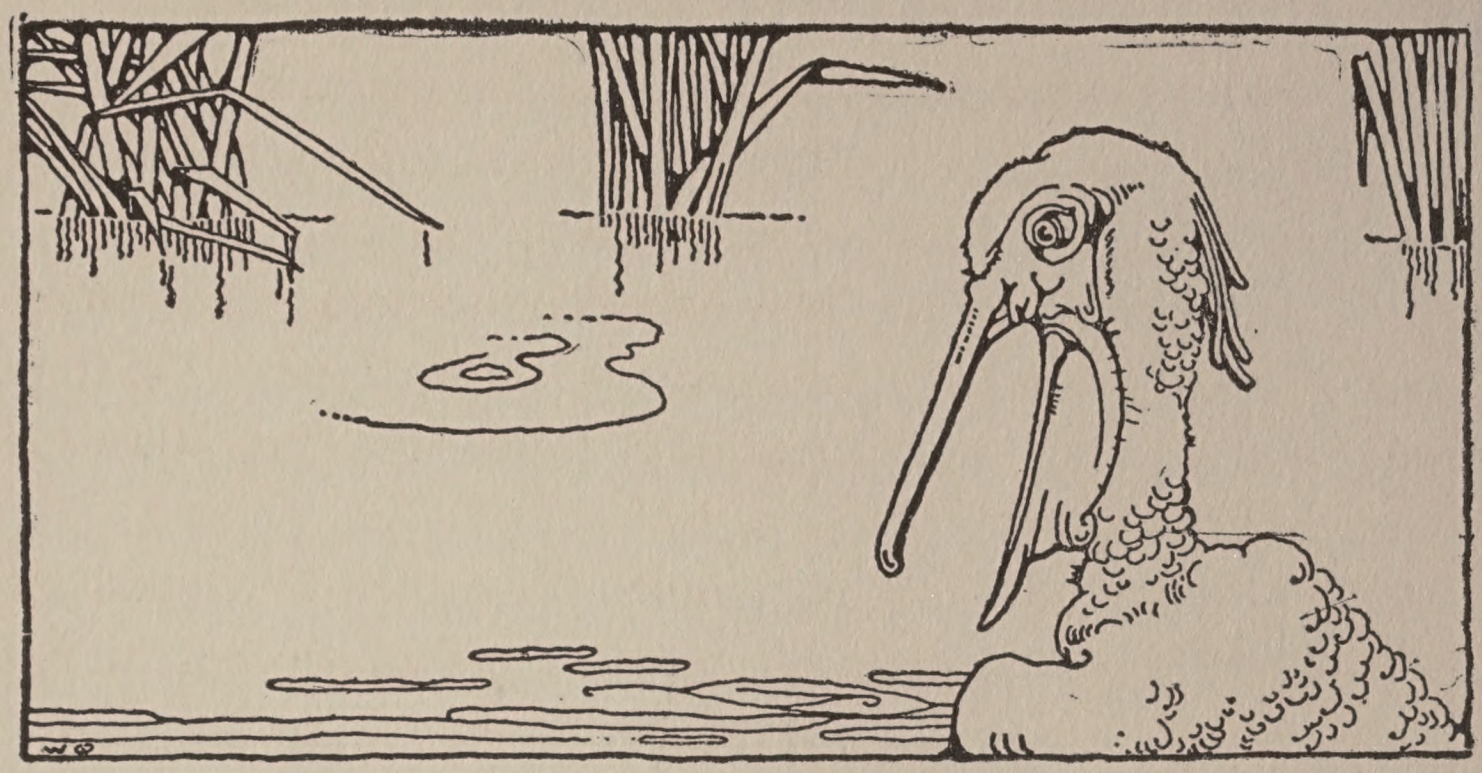
You see Giraffes eat leaves. Did you know that?

"I like them," answered the Giraffe, "because they are younger and more tender than the ones lower down. It would be all right, I think, if you would give me a very long neck."

Stella waved her wand three times around his head. The Giraffe's neck began to grow!

Oh! how it grew!

So now you know why the Giraffe has such a *long* neck, so that he can pick off the leaves from the tops of the trees.



VII

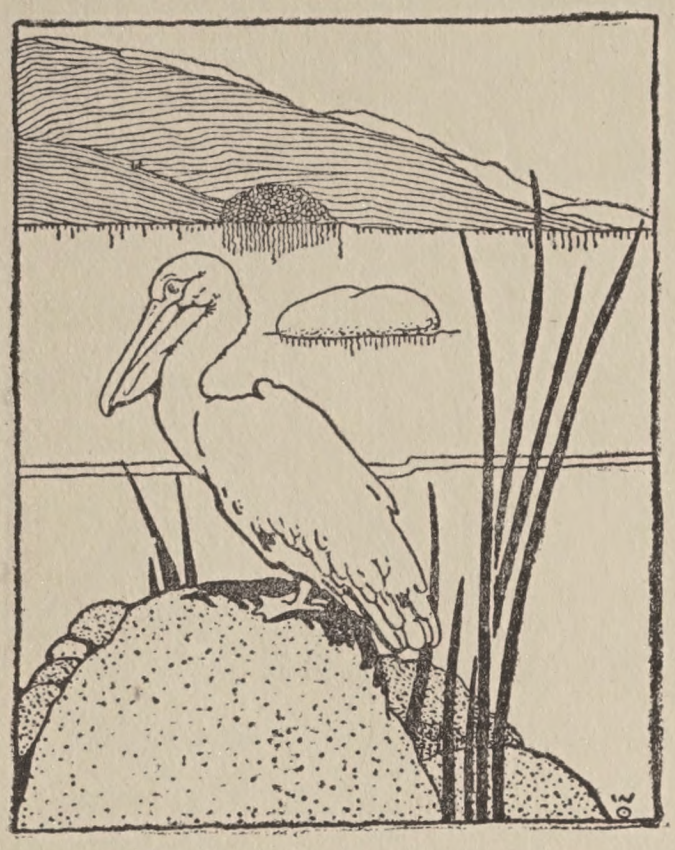
MR. AND MRS. PELICAN

HAVE you ever seen a Pelican?

The Pelican is a bird that lives near the water. She eats fish. That is the reason she likes to be near the water—so that she can always be near the fish.

All day long she stands in the water and watches for little fish to swim by. She stands very quietly, so that the fish do not notice her; then, as they swim past her, she sticks her long beak quickly in the water and catches the fish.

The Pelican had heard of the fairy at the End-of-the-earth, and she had once before been to see Stella. She had told Stella that when she stood in the water her stomach



would become wet and cold, and, of course, she did not like it. So Stella had made her two legs—a little longer, and after that she could stand all she wanted to in the water and her body would always be nice and dry, because her legs were then long enough to raise her body *above* the water.

She used to stand for hours, and after catching a fish she would hurry to her babies and give them the fish to eat. Mrs. Pelican always found her babies hungry and crying for food. They kept her busy fishing all day long, and she thought she had never seen such a lot of hungry babies.

It was not easy for her to carry the fish home, because fish, as you know, are very slippery and hard to hold, and just as Mrs. Pelican would think that she had a fish in her beak so that it could not get away, it would wriggle and wriggle and wriggle and flop—it would fall back in the water.

Mrs. Pelican always became very angry when that happened. She would try to catch it again; but by that time the fish was far away. As soon as the fish fell in the water, it swam just as fast as it could, so as to get away from Mrs. Pelican. It did not want to be caught and eaten by a lot of hungry baby Pelicans—Oh, no!

One day Mrs. Pelican had lost five or six fish, and she was awfully angry and sad. She was standing with her feathers all bunched out, and her head hunched in. She was thinking about what had happened. She was also telling Mr. Pelican all her troubles. Mr. Pelican was standing with *his* feathers all bunched out and his head hunched in. He was thinking too.

All of a sudden he cried out, *"I know."*

"What," asked Mrs. Pelican, "you know what? Goodness, you frightened me calling out that way," and poor Mrs. Pelican, who had been standing on one leg with the other one tucked up under her feathers, almost fell down.

"I'm sorry I frightened you, my dear," said Mr. Pelican, "but I have thought of what to do. We will fly to the End-of-the-earth again and tell our troubles to Stella; she will help us."

"That's a wonderful idea," said Mrs. Pelican, "but the only trouble is, we cannot both go at the same time."

"Why?" Mr. Pelican asked her.

"You seem to have forgotten that we have a lot of hungry babies to feed, and one of us *has* to stay so as to look after them. I'll tell you what we can do. You go first and I will stay with our babies, then, when you

come back, I will go, and while I am away you can take care of them and catch fish for them, and keep them from being hungry," she said.

"That is just what we will do," Mr. Pelican answered. "Well, shall I go first?"

"Yes," Mrs. Pelican said, "and when you come home I will start for the End-of-the-earth."

"Very well," said Mr. Pelican, and off he started.

He flew as fast as he could because he knew that Mrs. Pelican was waiting for him at home.

Mrs. Pelican was so curious to know what Stella would do for him that she could hardly wait for him to be back.

When he did come home again he had underneath his long beak a big pocket.

"My dear," he said when he showed it to her, "this pocket is the most wonderful thing. When I catch a fish it can't wriggle out of my beak and fall *flop* in the water, because I

carry it in my beak-pocket. This way I can bring all the fish I catch safely to our babies. Let us go and try it." And off they started to a place where the water was full of little fishes.

The first fish he caught *had* to stay in his beak-pocket. It *couldn't* wriggle away.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelican were so happy about it that Mrs. Pelican started then and there for the End-of-the-earth.

When she saw Stella she told her how glad Mr. Pelican was about his beak-pocket, and that she would like one too.

"Because," she said, "this way we can take much better care of our babies and bring them more fish to eat. I always lost so many fishes when they would wriggle out of my beak. I hope, Stella," she went on, "that you don't mind my coming back to you. This is the second time I have been to see you. The first time you made my legs a little longer. I hope you do not think that I am always wanting things."

"Indeed," answered Stella, "I am glad to give you a beak-pocket. If you were asking for things for yourself it would be different; but what you want is something that is going to help your babies. You will be able to give them more fish, and I want to see them have lots to eat and grow strong and fat."

"Thank you so much, you dear Stella, I love you very much."

"I love you too," Stella said. "I love you because you are so good to your babies. Now, go home, and I am sure you will like your beak-pocket. Good-by, Mrs. Pelican, good-by, and give my love to your family. If there is anything else you need, be sure to come back and ask me for it,—anything you wish for I will give you."

After Mrs. Pelican had drunk out of the Get-big-pool, she hurried home again. She could hardly wait to see how well she would be able to carry fish in her nice new beak-pocket.

A long time after this, when all the baby-pelicans had grown up and could take care of themselves, Mrs. Pelican told Mr. Pelican one day she was going back to the End-of-the-earth again to see Stella.

"What do you want to ask her for this time?" Mr. Pelican asked.

"I don't want to ask her for anything. She was very good to me, and I want to give her a present."

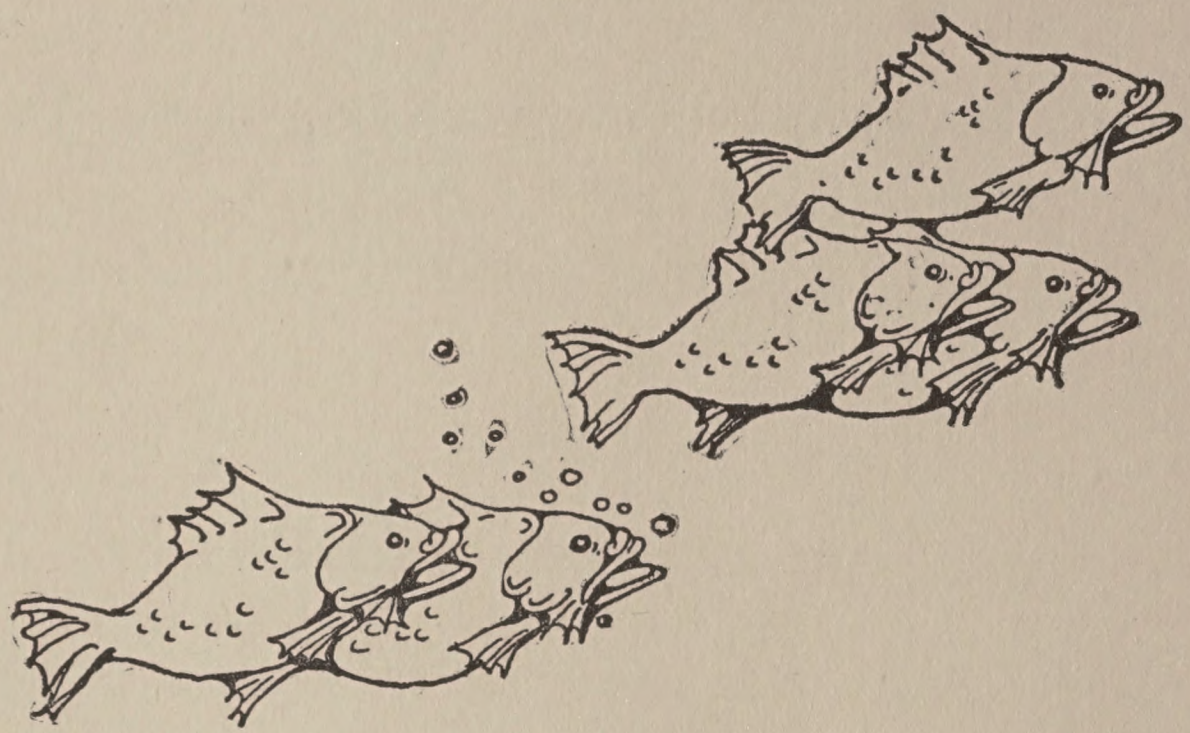
"I think that would be a lovely thing to do," said Mr. Pelican, "but what can we give her?"

"Do you remember the two little pools of water near Stella's lily-house?" Mrs. Pelican asked.

"Yes," answered Mr. Pelican, "one is the Get-little-pool. I drank out of that so as to become small enough to see Stella, and the other is the Get-big-pool,—I drank out of that when I wanted to be big again—big enough to get home. Yes, of course I remember them; but what about them?"

"I was thinking that it would be nice to bring her some pretty little gold fish to keep in her pools. She might like to have them. What do you think about it?"

"I am sure she would like that. How sweet of you to have



thought of it! Come, let us catch them." And off they flew to the water where they caught some pretty little gold fish and also two little silver fish!

They carried them in their beak-pockets safely to Stella's lily-house. There they pulled the tiny golden bell. The lily-house began to open, and Stella stepped out. She was delighted with Mr. and Mrs. Pelican's present, and together they went to the Get-little-pool. They put the two silver fish in that one. The little silver fish started swimming around and around, because they were glad to be back in water again. Then Stella and the Pelicans went to the Get-big-pool, and

in that they put the gold fish. There were five gold fish. They made the whole pool look more beautiful, and Stella was very happy to have them. She kissed Mr. and Mrs. Pelican on their heads before they left her, and thanked them for having remembered her and for having brought her the lovely fish.

Now, you know why Pelicans have beak-pockets. To carry fish in.

VIII

THE SQUIRREL AND THE WISHING-FAIRY

THE Squirrel is a busy little fellow. He is very careful too. Do you know how he is careful and busy?

All through the summer he hunts around and finds all the nuts that he can. Each time he finds one he scurries off to his home and puts it there. He also hides nuts in holes far from his home, but somehow he can always remember where they are. He does this because he knows that when the winter comes and snow covers the ground he wouldn't be able to find any nuts, and nuts are what squirrels like to eat—so by hiding them away in his home and other holes he can dig down under the snow and have a good dinner whenever he is hungry later on.

Part of the winter he plays around in the snow and part of the time he curls up in his snug little home, which is a deep comfortable hole in a tree, and he has a long, long sleep. When he wakes up the sun is shining, and it is nice and warm and he is always very hungry. *Then* he is glad that he was so careful and hid the nuts away; for there they are and he has all he wants to eat.

The Squirrel looks very much like his cousin the Rat; but his fur is a prettier color. The fur on his stomach is white; and the Rat's is not. The fur on the Rat's stomach is the same color as the fur on his back.

It was a very cold day, and the squirrel was hiding in a tree behind a big branch. He was shivering and trying to get out of the wind.

He had heard the other animals talking about the Wishing-Fairy, and he thought he would like to go to her and ask her if she could do anything to keep his back warm. The only trouble was that he did not know where she lived.

All of a sudden Cottontail dashed past the tree.

"Hey, Cottontail!" he called. "Don't be in such a hurry!"

Cottontail came to a quick stop; he and the Squirrel were great friends.

"Hello, Nibbles!" said Cottontail. "I didn't see you. From whom are you hiding behind that branch?"

"I'm not hiding from any one. I am trying to keep out of the wind because my back is cold. I want to ask you where I can find the Wishing-Fairy."

Cottontail scratched his head with his hind paw.

"I cannot tell you *exactly,*" he answered. "All I can say is to go to the End-of-the-earth. She lives there. You ought not to have any trouble because you can hop so fast—almost as fast as I can."

"Not at all," said the Squirrel. "I can go much faster—why I could beat you any time."

"You could not," laughed Cottontail. "You only think you can."

"Very well," the Squirrel said. "I'll show you. We will have a race."

"That would be fine," answered Cottontail. "Where shall we race to? I'll race you anywhere you say."

The Squirrel thought a moment. He thought it would be a good idea to get Cottontail to show him where the Wishing-Fairy lived, so he said: "Very well. I'll race you to the End-of-the-earth."

"When shall we start, Nibbles?" asked Cottontail.

"Now," answered the Squirrel, hurrying down from the branch. "Now, let us stand in a straight line with our right front paw on that long twig lying over there on the grass, and when I count three we will be off."

They stood near one another, and each put his paw on the twig.

"One—two—*three,*" the Squirrel counted and off they started.

They raced and raced. Sometimes the Squirrel was ahead and sometimes Cottontail. They raced all that day and all through the night, and they were *very* tired.

Suddenly Cottontail called out to the Squirrel.

"Nibbles!"

"Yes?" answered the Squirrel. He was behind Cottontail and he was all out of breath. He could hardly answer.

"Here we are. This is the End-of-the-earth, and it's the end of our race too."

"I'm glad it is," said the Squirrel. "You know you won."

"Well, I am bigger than you are. You can't help that; but you ran *beautifully*. I did not know you could go so fast." Cottontail said this because he didn't want the Squirrel to feel unhappy that he had lost the race. "I will wait for you while you see the Fairy."

"All right," answered the Squirrel. "But please tell me her name?"

"Stella."

"Thanks," said the Squirrel, and he started towards her lily-house.

"Oh, Nibbles!" called Cottontail.

"Yes; what is it?"

"You must drink out of that pool first," and he pointed with one of his long ears.

"But I don't want to," said the Squirrel. "I am not thirsty and I hate water."

"But, Nibbles, you *have* to. It is the Get-little-pool," explained Cottontail, "and it makes you small enough to talk to Stella."

"Very well then,"—and the Squirrel stooped down and took a little sip of the water. All of a sudden he became smaller than one of the nuts that he had hidden in his home.

He was a bit frightened at first, but just then a Brownie came up to him and the Brownie told him not to worry, and that he would take him to Stella now.

When he saw Stella he told her how cold his back always was, and asked her to do something to make him warmer.

Stella waved her little wand with the tiny star on the end of it three times above the Squirrel's head. Suddenly he had a curious feeling, and he turned around to see what was happening, and he was *too astonished!* What *do* you suppose Stella had done?

She had changed his long, straight, ugly tail, that had looked like his rat cousin's, into a lovely bushy one!

"It's very beautiful," said the Squirrel, "but what is it for?"

"Well, I will tell you," Stella answered, and she was smiling. "When you are running your tail will naturally hang straight out behind; but when you wish to sit up you must keep your tail close up to your body between the wind and your back and in this way your back will never be cold again."

"That is perfectly wonderful, Stella," said the Squirrel. "I can't tell you how happy I am and I can't thank you enough. Would you like me to bring you some nuts? I'll go back to my home and get them and I can be here day after to-morrow. I should love to give you some nuts, for you have been very good to me."

"No, thank you, Squirrel dear," Stella said. "It is nice of you to want to get me some nuts, but I never eat them. The only thing I eat is honey. My two bees bring me that every morning, and then I also like to drink water out of my blue-bell flower; but thank you just the same. Now go and drink out of the Get-big-pool and trot along home. I'm glad you like your bushy tail. Good-by."

"Good-by, Stella," and the Squirrel was so happy that he kissed her hand. "Good-by."

When Cotton-tail saw the Squir-

rel's beautiful bushy tail he walked around him several times to look at it. "It's wonderful," he said admiringly, "perfectly wonderful."

"It is indeed," answered the Squirrel, "and, what's more, my back is warm, so that I am very happy. I am glad, *very* glad, I came to see Stella. Well, let's go home now."

Going home, Cottontail and the Squirrel did not race as they had done when on their way to the End-of-the-earth.

Instead of racing, they ran slowly along side by side and talked the whole way home about all the strange things that had happened to them.

IX

THE PEACOCK WHO WANTED TOO MUCH

ONCE upon a time, very long ago, the Peacock was walking around in the grass looking for something to eat, when suddenly he saw the Squirrel.

The Peacock and the Squirrel were great friends, so he walked over to the Squirrel, and the first thing he said was:

"Won't you please tell me how you happen to have that beautiful bushy tail? You used to have a tail like your cousin the Rat's."

"Of course I'll tell you," answer the Squirrel. "It happened this way. I had heard from Cottontail, and from several other friends of mine, that far off at the End-of-the-earth there lives a Wishing-Fairy whose name is Stella,

and that if any one goes to her and tells her what he wants, she makes his wish come true. You know how often I had been unhappy because my back was always cold. So I went to see Stella and told her that I wished there was some way to keep my back nice and warm, and she gave me this bushy tail, so that *now* I am very comfortable."

"What is Stella like?" asked the Peacock.

"She is perfectly beautiful," the Squirrel answered. "She is the prettiest thing I have ever seen."

"It must be wonderful to be so lovely," the Peacock said; "I wish I were."

"Well," laughed the Squirrel, "that is easy; all you have to do is to go to her and tell her that you wish it, and she will make you beautiful."

"Do you really think she will?" asked the Peacock.

"I know she will," answered the Squirrel. "Why don't you start now? You go over that way" (and the Squirrel pointed with one of his paws) "and don't stop until you come to the End-of-the-earth. It is a long way and you are very lazy; but you will find her if you keep straight on and don't stop or turn back."

The Peacock thought a minute. "Yes, I'll go. I'll start now." And he did.

It took him a long while to reach Stella and her lovely lily-house, and he was very tired and thirsty; so that he was glad to drink out of the Get-little-pool, when one of the Brownies asked him to do so. He told Stella that he wanted to be beautiful. So Stella waved her wand with the tiny star on it around him, and suddenly he found that he had the most wonderful tail of eighteen long feathers, that trailed on the ground when he wanted it to, and that he could spread it out like a big fan back of him, when he wished to show it to any one. The Peacock was delighted, and he thanked Stella and went home.

All his friends thought that the Peacock's long feathers were lovely, and he was very proud and happy. He spent all his time spreading the feathers, so that he could show them to everybody.

After he had been home a little while, he thought he would go back to see Stella again.

Stella was very surprised to see him, and she was even more surprised when he whispered in her ear that he had come back to her with the wish to be *still* more beautiful.

"Very well," said Stella, "I will put all kinds of wonderful colors on your feathers."

So she waved her wand three times around the Peacock, and all of a sudden his feathers became the most beautiful he had ever seen, and he was so happy and excited that he forgot to drink out of the Get-big-pool after he had thanked Stella and told her good-by.

When he had gone and was already quite a ways home, he suddenly remembered the Get-big-pool, and he went all the way back to it to drink out of it, so as to become as large as he had been before he had drunk out of the Get-little-pool.

The Peacock was very happy for some time, because every one would tell him how lovely he was; but after a while back he went *again* to see Stella. Again he begged her to make him even more beautiful.

Stella thought a minute, then she called the Brownies and asked them what they thought she could do for the Peacock.

They all sat around and thought and thought for several minutes, but they could not think how the Peacock could possibly be prettier. At last, one of them said to Stella:

"I have an idea. You have already put all the loveliest

colors in his feathers. I don't see that there is anything more you can do but give him a little crown."

"That is a splendid idea," said Stella, smiling. "I shall do it." So she waved her wand three times around the Peacock's head. He had a very queer feeling in his head.

"What is on my head?" asked the Peacock. "I cannot see it! Oh! I wish I could see it! Have I a crown?"

"Yes," answered Stella, "and it is a lovely crown. I will tell you how you can see it. When you drink out of the Get-big-pool, bend as far as you can over it and look down. In the water you will be able to see the crown that I have given you. I hope that you will like it. Good-by."

"Good-by, Stella; you have been very good to me. I thank you ever so much. I am very happy now." And the Peacock hurried away to the Get-big-pool. He leaned away over the water, just as Stella had told him to, and he found that he could see himself just as well as you can see yourself in a mirror. He stayed there a long time looking at his crown and admiring himself.

He was very, *very* happy. At last he started home; but he did not stay there long, he went back AGAIN to see Stella.

She was very astonished to see him, because he had already come three times to the End-of-the-earth.

"What DO you want now?" Stella asked him.

The Peacock seemed a bit ashamed to answer, but at last he whispered, "I wish to be made still more beautiful."

"What!" cried Stella, "do you mean to tell me that you are not yet satisfied? You have had three wishes—each time you

asked the same thing—to be made more beautiful. No wonder you are hanging your head. You *ought* to be ashamed of yourself. I am very angry, and what is more, I am going to punish you." And she called all her Brownies to come quickly to her.

By this time the Peacock was very frightened. He begged Stella to forgive him, but she was awfully angry. The Peacock tried to run away, but Stella made the Brownies hold him, and then she told one of them to get her the "punishment powder."

The Peacock was crying and crying and trying as hard as he could to get away from the Brownies who were holding him. He could not move.

"Please forgive me, Stella," he cried; "please, please, please."

"No," she answered, "I am going to punish you for never being satisfied and for always asking for more."

"What are you going to do to me?" sobbed the Peacock, as a Brownie handed Stella a nasty, old, brown toad-stool which was full of a dark powder that smelled awfully. "Oh! what are you going to do?"

"I am going to make you have such a hard loud voice that whenever you call or scream every one will want you to be quiet; and they will see that even though you are the most beautiful bird in the world, you have the ugliest voice. They will then know that *no* one can possibly have *everything*."

"I am going to punish you for never being satisfied;
for always asking for more"

The Peacock was crying and crying while Stella threw the nasty punishment powder three times in his face.

"One," she said and threw a little of the powder.

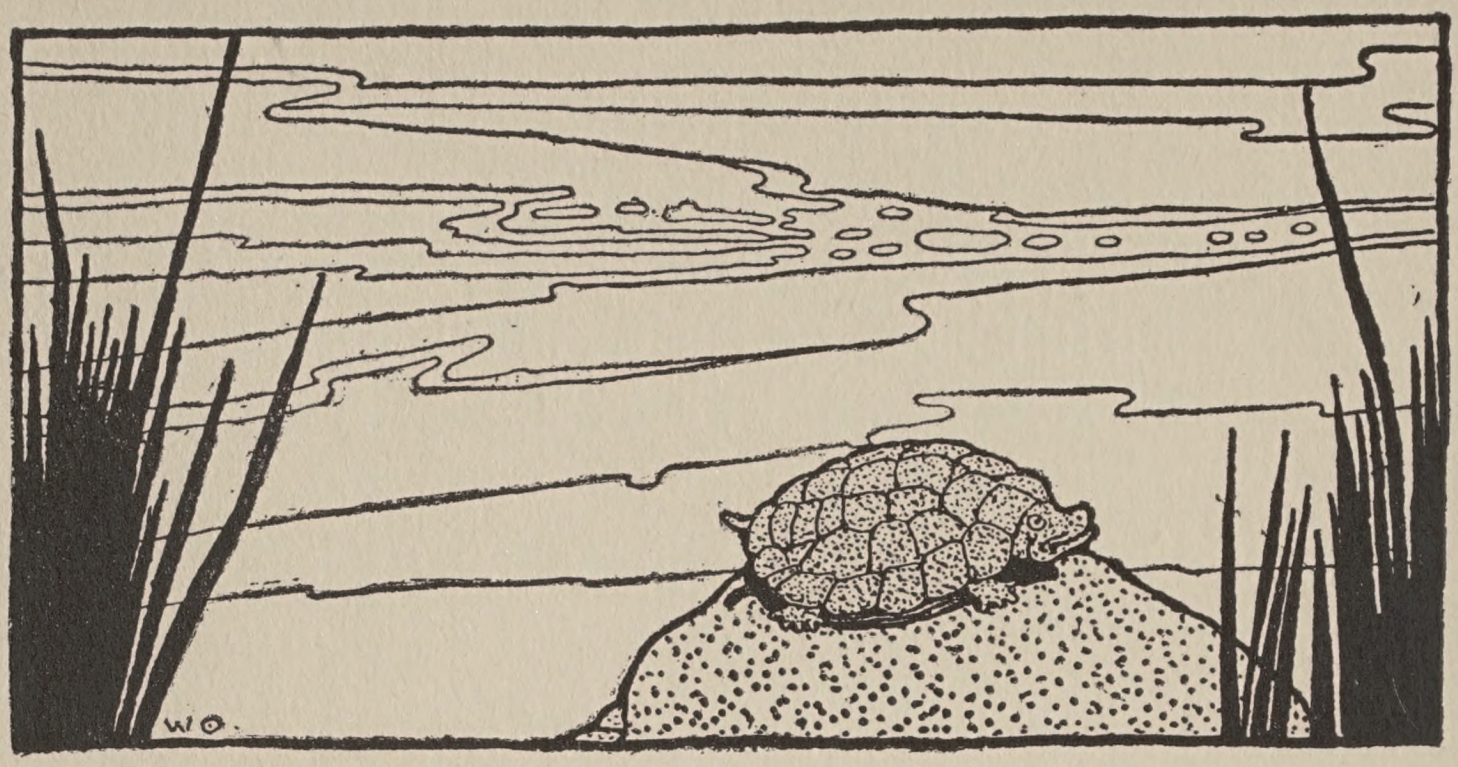
"Two," she said and threw the powder the second time. The Peacock's voice became so loud that all the Brownies jumped.

"Three," cried Stella, as she threw the rest of the powder in the Peacock's face.

When she did this, his voice suddenly became so awful that the Brownies ran away as fast as they could go, because they did not want to hear the Peacock. His voice was simply *terrible.*

"Now," said Stella in a very angry tone, "go drink out of the Get-big-pool and go home and don't ever let me see you again."

So now you know why the beautiful Peacock has such an ugly voice. It is because he was never satisfied. He wanted too much, so Stella punished him. And now he knows that no one can have *everything* he wants.



X

THE TURTLE'S WISH

I SUPPOSE you think that the Turtle is very ugly and stupid.

Some are not as pretty as others. Some have very beautiful colors on their shells. Neither are they stupid, because they are very patient, and any one who is patient is *never* stupid.

They are patient in this way:

A turtle will stay perfectly quiet for long hours trying to cath flies and insects in his mouth; they are what turtles like to eat. The insects, of course, are careful not to come too near him, so that sometimes it is quite hard for Mr. Turtle to find enough for his dinner, and he is often hungry. He is also patient when he travels, for try as

hard as he will, he just cannot go fast,—so he has to be patient.

The Turtle was sitting in the sun one day on a big stone near the water. He was nice and warm and also half asleep, when suddenly he heard Mr. Peacock and Mrs. Pelican talking together.

At first he thought he was dreaming; but he was so surprised at what they were saying that suddenly he found that he was quite wide awake, so he turned his head way around, and sure enough there they were behind a bush near the water and near enough for him to hear everything they were talking about. So he listened. The Peacock was telling about how he had gone three times to see Stella, the Wishing Fairy, to be made always more beautiful, and how he had then gone to her a fourth time and that this time Stella had punished him with the punishment powder and how terrible it had been.

"Well," said Mrs. Pelican, "Stella was lovely to me. Mr. Pelican and I were given longer legs by her and then when we went again she gave us our beak-pockets, so that we can carry all the fish we catch in it, home to our babies. She was very nice to *us*."

The Peacock thought a moment.

"She told me why she punished me," he said. "It was because I was selfish. I suppose I was. I'm sorry now. With you it was different. You were asking for something that would help you feed your family."

"Did it take you long to reach the End-of-the-earth?" asked Mrs. Pelican, to change the subject.

"Not very," answered Mr. Peacock. "How long did it take *you?*"

"Well, I fly very fast. I didn't mind the traveling at all. I don't know exactly how long I was gone."

"Which way did you go?" asked Mr. Peacock.

"That way," Mrs. Pelican answered, and pointed with her beak. "Straight that way. I never turned to either side. Stella is a wonderful fairy. Think of it: she can make *any* wish come true."

Just then the Turtle heard a little splash in the water near the stone on which he was sitting, and Mr. Frog swam up to him. His eyes were wide open and he was very excited.

"Did you hear that too?" asked the Turtle.

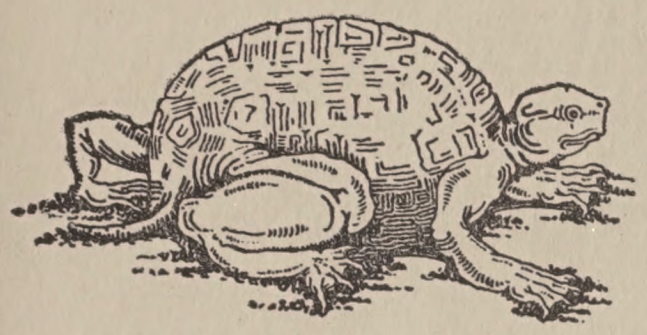
"I should think I did," Mr. Frog answered, "and I never was so glad to hear anything in my life. I am going home to Mrs. Frog, and I shall tell her all about what Mr. Peacock and Mrs. Pelican said, and it will not be very long before Mrs. Frog and I will start for the End-of-the-earth. Don't you want to go with us?"

"Yes," the Turtle said, "but it takes me such a long while to get anywhere. I am so slow."

"Oh! that's nothing," Mr. Frog said. "If we three go to-

gether we won't mind how much time we will have to travel. We can also have lots of fun on the way together."

"Very well, then," said the Turtle. "I should love to. It's very nice of you to want me to go with you."



"That's splendid," Mr. Frog said. "You start on ahead because you are slow, and I'll go home now

and get my wife, and we will soon be with you; because we can hop very quickly. Good-by! We will see you shortly." And away he hopped.

The Turtle was going along slowly, but he never stopped or turned his head to right or left. He just—kept—straight—on—and on—and *on*. After awhile, Mr. and Mrs. Frog, who had caught up with him, were hopping along, one on each side.

Presently, Mrs. Frog said she was tired, and what do you suppose the Turtle said to her? He told her to get on his back and rest, because he was sure he was strong enough to carry her.

So up she jumped, and for a long time that is how they traveled, Mr. Frog hopping on ahead and stopping and waiting for the Turtle who was slow, and the Turtle going patiently along with Mrs. Frog riding on his back!

That must have looked funny!

Don't you think so?

Every now and then they would stop and rest in the sun.

They were all very thirsty when at last they reached the End-of-the-earth. Oh! how glad they were to see the Get-little-pool! They drank and they drank and they drank. When they had had enough water they raised their heads, and as they saw one another they all burst out laughing, for each one had grown very tiny. Oh! how they laughed!

They were all three sitting and looking at each other and laughing as hard as they could, when several Brownies came running up to see what the noise was about.

"What *are* you laughing at?" they asked.

"Because we have all grown so small—we look *so* funny."

"You must have been drinking out of the Get-little-pool," one of the Brownies said, as he looked at them.

"Do you want to see Stella?" another one asked.

"I should think so," Mr. Frog answered. "That is why we came."

"The Turtle going patiently along with Mrs. Frog riding on his back"

"May we see her soon?" asked Mrs. Frog.

"Yes, indeed," a third Brownie said. "I'll go now and tell her that you are here. Just wait a moment; I won't be very long." And he hurried off to the lily-house.

But Stella wasn't there. It was a warm day; she was sitting on a clover flower in a shady place, and she was fanning herself with a dragon-fly wing.

That was her fan!

As soon as she heard of the Frogs' and the Turtle's visit she jumped down from the flower, and, taking up her wand, which was lying on the ground where she had thrown it, she went to the Get-little-pool. The Frogs and the Turtle were still laughing at one another. They were laughing so hard that Stella began to laugh too, and then one by one all the Brownies joined in.

You never heard so much laughter!

At last, when they had all stopped laughing, Stella dried her eyes on some dandelion fluff that she always kept as a handkerchief in her pocket.

"Well," she began, "what a wonderful laugh that was! I am quite tired."

Every one else was also tired. So they all sat around for some time and rested, and while they were resting the Turtle told Stella of how he had overheard Mr. Peacock and Mrs. Pelican talking, and how he had in that way learned of the End-of-the-earth fairy.

"Do you always make wishes come true, Stella?" he asked.

"Always—if they are good wishes," she answered. "Tell me what is *your* wish?"

"My wish is to be able in some way to get away from anything that wants to gobble me up, for I am always frightened, and I am tired of being frightened. It is very unpleasant. For instance, when I see the Pelicans I always have to hide."

"So do we," cried Mr. and Mrs. Frog.

Stella turned around and looked at them.

"But it is very easy for you to get away," she said to the Frogs. "You can hop so far and so quickly. I feel sorry though for Mr. Turtle. I shall have to think of some way to help him."

"Please get me my thinking cap?" she asked one of her Brownies. "I must think up an idea."

"Certainly," answered the Brownie. "But before I go I want to ask you a question. What is better than an idea?"

"I don't know," answered Stella. "What *is* better than an idea?"

"A *you* dear," laughed the Brownie, and he took her hand and kissed it.

"That is very nice of you," Stella said, and her little cheeks became as pink as her dress; but the Brownie had already gone. When he brought her the thinking cap, she put it on. It was a big cap and she could even put it over her little crown.

All of a sudden she cried out, "I know—"

"Know what!" every one asked.

"Come here," cried Stella to the Turtle. "I have a splendid thought"; and with that she began waving her wand very quickly around and around him.

He had the queerest feeling all over his skin.

"What can be the matter with me?" he cried. "I almost feel sick. Oh, Stella! what is happening to me?"

"You are all right," the Fairy said. "Don't be so frightened. You don't suppose for one moment that I would hurt you?"

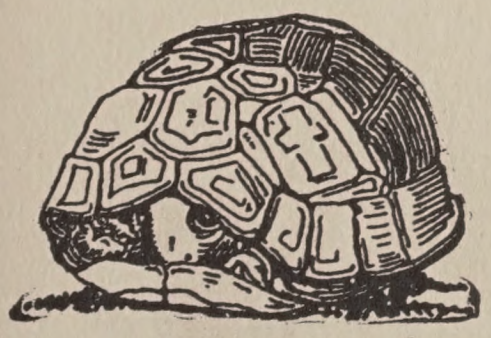
"No," answered the Turtle, "but I have a very strange feeling all over me. I don't understand it."

"*I* know what it is," and Stella smiled. "Now—" (She was waving her wand around him for the third time.) "Look at yourself!"

What do you suppose had happened to the Turtle?

His soft, brown skin had by this time changed into a hard shell!

You can imagine how astonished every one was. All the Brownies and also Mr. and Mrs. Frog crowded around him to see it.



"Work it," said Stella to the Turtle (she was smiling more and more), "and see what happens."

With that Mr. Turtle tried to move his head and feet, and the next thing he knew he was all covered up by his shell.

He was just like a hard round box with himself on the inside.

Did you ever!

From away in his shell they could hear him saying:

"But I am lost! I cannot find myself inside here in the dark. I don't think I like this."

"Oh! yes, you will like it," laughed Stella, "for now nothing can hurt you. If any one wants to gobble you up, all you have to do is to close your shell around yourself, then you can listen, and when they have gone away you can open your shell and walk again."

"Can I?" asked Mr. Turtle. "I didn't know *that.*"

As he spoke he found he could open his shell. "Why, hello, everybody!" he shouted, as his head and legs came out from his shell. "Here I am again! This is the most wonderful thing I ever saw. That *was* a splendid thought that came to you when you put on your thinking cap, Stella."

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"Like it! I should think I do. I am *so* happy now that I just *cannot* thank you enough. It is a fine idea, and you are, just as the Brownie said, a—*you* dear."

"I am very glad you are so happy,"—and Stella turned to the Frogs. "Have you a wish?" she asked them.

"No, thank you," they both answered. "We only came," added Mrs. Frog, "because we were *so* curious to see you and the Brownies and the End-of-the-earth."

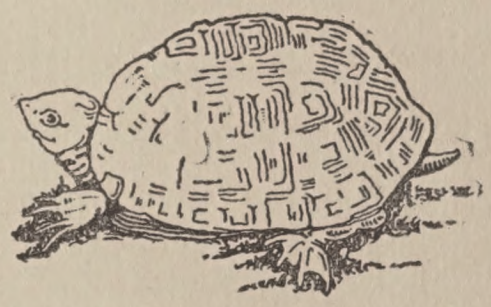
"Well," Stella said, "if you ever should have a wish, come back to me and I will make it come true. Now, you had

better drink out of the Get-big-pool, so as to again be your own size."

All the way home the Turtle kept working his new shell. Mr. and Mrs. Frog would hop near and watch him as he closed himself up in it and then came out again. Every time he did it, they would all three laugh and laugh together.

It was great fun.

Now, you know how the Turtle got his shell, and you also know why. So that he can get inside where nothing can hurt him, and where he is perfectly safe from his enemies.



XI

HOW THE LIZARD BECAME A CHAMELEON

IF you were green, even to your hair, eyes and lips, and if you wore a green suit, and if you were sitting on the green grass, it would not be very easy to see you because you, being all green, would look like the green grass—everything would be the same color.

That is why during the summer in the different colored bushes, the Ermine is gray and brown, while in the winter as soon as the snow comes he turns white. He then looks almost the same as the white snow. It protects him from larger animals, that might hurt him.

Where there is no snow, rabbits are always a grayish brown, but in countries where the snow is on the ground all through

the summer as well as throughout the winter you will never find colored rabbits. In those countries they are never anything but pure white.

That is also why zebras and tigers are striped. They live in jungle grass, the blades of which are like long razor-shaped stripes.

Snakes generally look like the ground on which they live. Sand-Snakes are sand colored. Snakes that live where the earth is black are black themselves; while in countries where the clay is red—the snakes are also red.

It is very interesting. Don't you find it so?

If you will stop and think you will be able to remember any amount of animals, birds and fish that are colored like the place which is their home.

The snake is a cousin of the lizard. Their heads look exactly the same. The lizard's is smaller and he has four feet, while the snake, who is very long, has none. There is another difference: the snake is often very dangerous; some are not, but almost all of them are. They have a very poisonous bite, while the lizard hasn't.

Lizards are terribly lazy. They like to do nothing but lie all day in the sun and snap at flies and insects which they eat.

One day a lizard was stretched in the sun on a wall. He was half asleep, but every now and then he would open one eye, to be sure that he wasn't missing anything. All of a sudden a long green snake glided up to him.

"Hello!" the Snake called to him. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing," the Lizard answered. "Nothing but being comfortable. I *like* to be comfortable."

"That's nothing," the Snake went on. "Every one likes to be that. I do myself," he added, as he curled himself around and around with only his head sticking up. "Come down and talk to me."

"I don't want to move," the Lizard said, who was too lazy even to be polite.

"You are not very nice," the Snake hissed back; "you know perfectly well that I, having no legs, can't go up that wall to you, while you, having four absolutely good ones, can easily run down to me. Please come down. I won't hurt you."

"Very well," the Lizard said at last. He was blinking his half-closed eyes.

On his way down a big bird happened to fly past him. This frightened him so that instantly a bright crimson thing like a tiny balloon came from his throat and stuck out of his mouth.

"What in the world is that?" the astonished snake asked, as the bird disappeared in the tree-tops.

"What is *what?*" asked the Lizard.

"That little red balloon sticking out of your mouth."

"Oh that!" exclaimed the Lizard carelessly. "I always throw that out when I am nervous. I think I do it to frighten whatever has frightened *me.*" By this time he had already swallowed it again. "You know," he continued, as he came closer to the Snake, "you are exactly the same green as the grass. It is almost hard to see you. I wish I were like that, for I would not be bothered or frightened so often if I couldn't be seen." He thought a moment, then he went on, "You are green, and you are always in the grass, but sometimes I am among the green leaves and other times I am on the brown trunk of a tree; then again I run across a white wall or I may be stretched along a red flower—I suppose I couldn't *possibly* be *every* color at *once.*"

"I should think you would go to see Stella," the Snake said, and his bright little eyes were sparkling.

"What has that to do with it?" asked the Lizard in a very cross manner.

"It has a great deal to do with it," answered the Snake. "Do you mean to say that you have never heard of *Stella?*"

"No, I haven't. It sounds like a star."

"You are quite right! 'Stella' means 'star,' but Stella is the name of the fairy who can make any wish come true. I think *your* wish is to be every color at once—you seem to want a great deal! Still," and he stopped to think a moment—"you might tell Stella what you wish and you may find that perhaps she can do something for you."

"Where does she live?" the Lizard asked in a very excited way. "Tell me, where does she live?"

"At the End-of-the-earth," answered the Snake.

"Where is that?"

"Over there," and the snake pointed what direction it was with his head.

"Is it very far away?"

"*Very.*"

"I don't care." The Lizard was almost screaming by this time. "I don't care a *bit,* I am going—and I am going *now.* Now show me exactly, how do I start?"

"Turn halfway around," the Snake told him, "and keep straight on until you reach the End-of-the-earth. You will get there sometime."

It took the lazy Lizard quite a while to reach Stella; but at last he found her. It seemed to him that he had been traveling forever.

When he told her what it was that he wished, Stella had to

put on her thinking-cap; and what is more, she had to keep it on for an awfully long time. It was very hard to think of some way to make the Lizard every color at once; but in a few minutes the right thought came to her. She sent for her wand.

"I can't possibly make you every color at *once,*" she said, beginning to wave her wand around the Lizard, "but I *can* make you change color so as to be the same color of whatever you are walking on."

Then she called to her Brownies.

"I want you to bring me several things," she told them. "Please get me a gray stone, a piece of green moss, a red flower, a yellow flower, and also a brown flower."

After they had brought her these things, she placed them all on the ground between her and the Lizard and began waving her wand over him.

"Now," she began, "I want you to walk very slowly to me. First walk straight over the red flower."

As the Lizard did this he turned red!

"Now, crawl along the moss," Stella next said.

Suddenly he changed to a bright green!

"Now, walk over the stone," she continued, "and go very slowly."

As the Lizard walked over the stone he became just as gray as was the stone!

"Step on the yellow flower next."

As he obeyed her, the Lizard found he was suddenly quite yellow!

"Try the brown flower," Stella went on.

He was brown! He was also the most astonished and delighted Lizard in the world!

"I am so pleased," he said, "that somehow I can't even remember my name."

"Well,"—and Stella burst out laughing—"that is because *even* your name is changed."

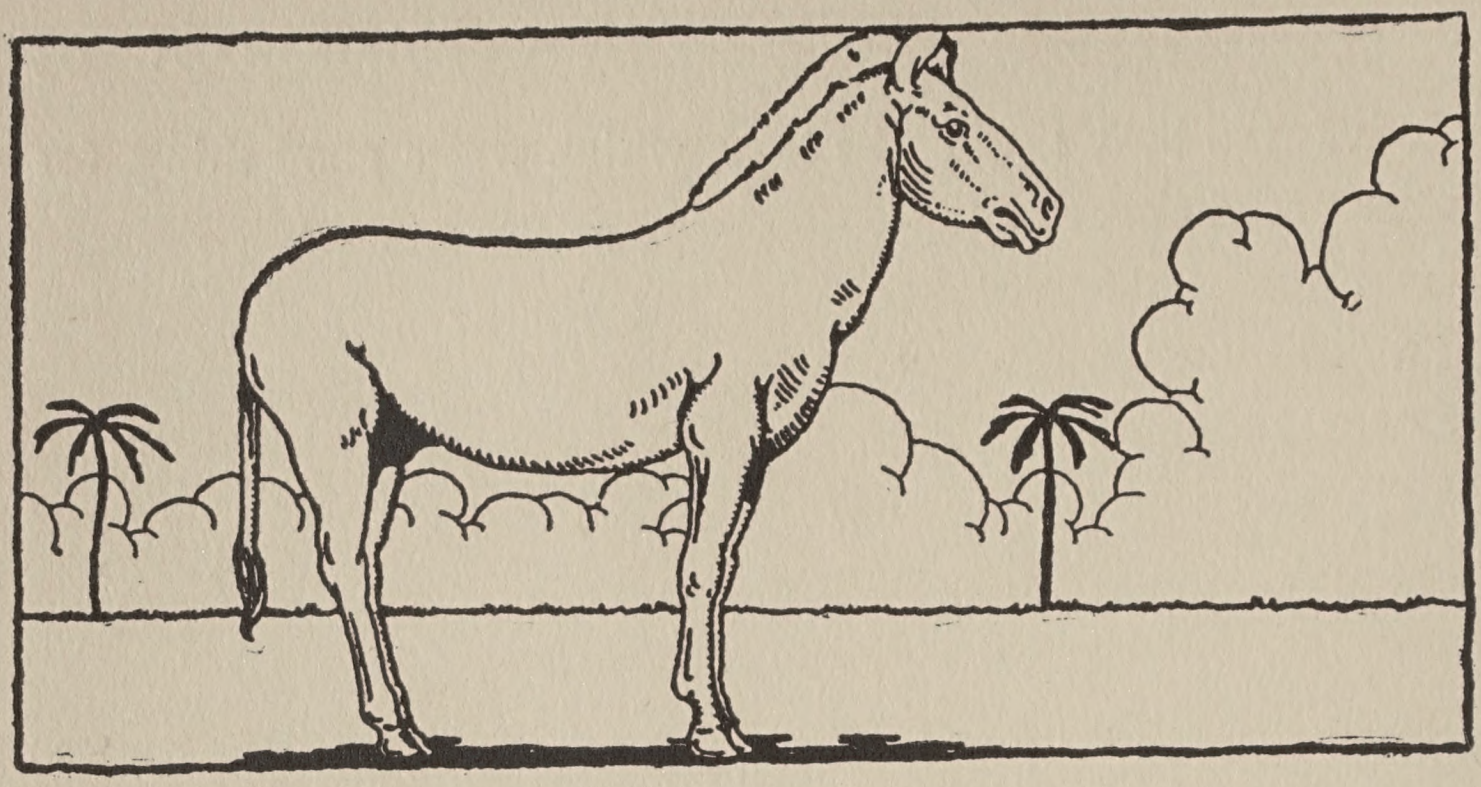
"What is it now?" and the Lizard also began to laugh.

"You are now a 'chameleon,' " was the fairy's answer. "You ought to be happy because after this you will be quite safe in your own color. You will always be the same shade as whatever you stand on."

All the way home the little Chameleon walked across different colored things so as to have the pleasure of seeing himself change. It was lots of fun and he was very happy.

He was lying on the brown stem of a vine the next time he saw the green snake, and until the Chameleon called to him the Snake never even noticed him, because he was the same brown as the stem! Then the Chameleon told the Snake all about his trip to the End-of-the-earth, and the Snake was so surprised that *he* told every one he met about the Chameleon, and every one he told the story to was terribly curious and went immediately to make a visit on the Chameleon, so that for days he was kept busy walking around and changing color.

He was too busy to even be lazy, which was a good thing, for no one ought ever be lazy.



XII

THE ZEBRA AND THE WISHING-FAIRY

HE Zebra, as you know, is a cousin of the Horse.

It is a little Horse—quite tiny—and full of fun, for it loves to play and romp about.

One day when the Zebra was running around the country, it saw the Giraffe.

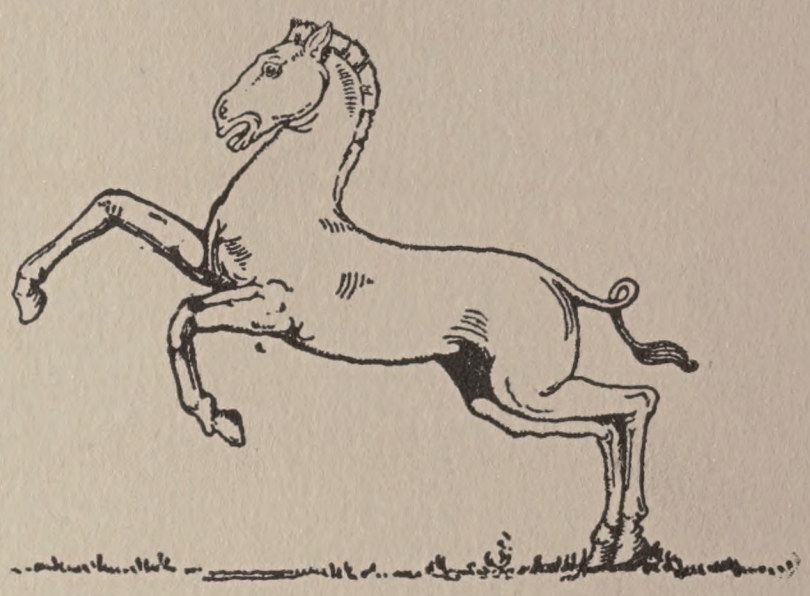
Of course it was very surprised to see that the Giraffe, since they had last seen one another, had grown a wonderful and long neck—a neck so long that the Giraffe could reach all the young juicy leaves at the tops of the trees, so the Zebra asked the Giraffe to tell him how he got the neck—and what had happened to him. When the Zebra asked him all about everything, the Giraffe said:

"Well, you and I can go away by ourselves where no one can hear us, and then I will tell you a secret—a secret of which I haven't told any one—yet."

The Zebra was awfully curious.

Every one is curious, but some of us are more so than others.

Are you?



In a way it is a good thing to be curious, for when we *are* we learn all sorts of new and interesting things—things that we really ought to know.

"What is your secret?" the Zebra asked the Giraffe.

"My secret?" The Giraffe thought a moment. "Well, I'll tell you— It is this. For a long while I had wished and wished and *wished* that I could reach far up enough to eat the little young leaves on the tops of the trees. Don't tell any one what I am telling you, because really it *is* a secret."

"Of course I won't," the Zebra said. "Do you for one moment think that *I* would tell some one's secret to any one else—a thing that you ask me not to tell? I *promise* I won't—and as you know nobody can break a promise any more than any one can tell some one else's secret. Go on. Is that how you got your long neck? By going to see Stella, the Wishing-Fairy?"

"Yes, I told her that I wished for one very much, and she—well, she just gave me one. It is splendid; for now I can reach

away up to the tops of the trees and can eat the best leaves—the young and tender ones."

"I have a wish too," said the Zebra.

"What is it?" the Giraffe asked.

"Well, I will try and explain," answered the Zebra. "I love colors. If I see a beautiful red or green or blue—or for that matter *any* color—it always gives me pleasure; why I even want to touch the color, so that at the same time I see it I can *feel* it. Do you know what I mean?"

"Perfectly," answered the Giraffe. "By the way, I like the colors I am, the colors of brown and black—do you?" and he turned his long neck around and looked at himself.

"Yes, I do. I wish I were some other color. I am tired of being a gray-brown. Do you know what I should like?"

"What?" asked the Giraffe.

"I should like to have some stripes around me; stripes that look like black satin ribbons."

"I think that *would* be nice," the Giraffe answered. He said nothing for a moment, for he was thinking. "Yes," he went on, "the tiger has black stripes and tigers are very beautiful. Do you know why the tiger has those stripes?"

"No," said the Zebra, "why?"

"Because he generally lives among long thin jungle leaves, and the stripes make him look the same as the leaves, so that no one bothers him. It is quite hard to see him—unless you are very close. Shall I tell you how to get what you want?"

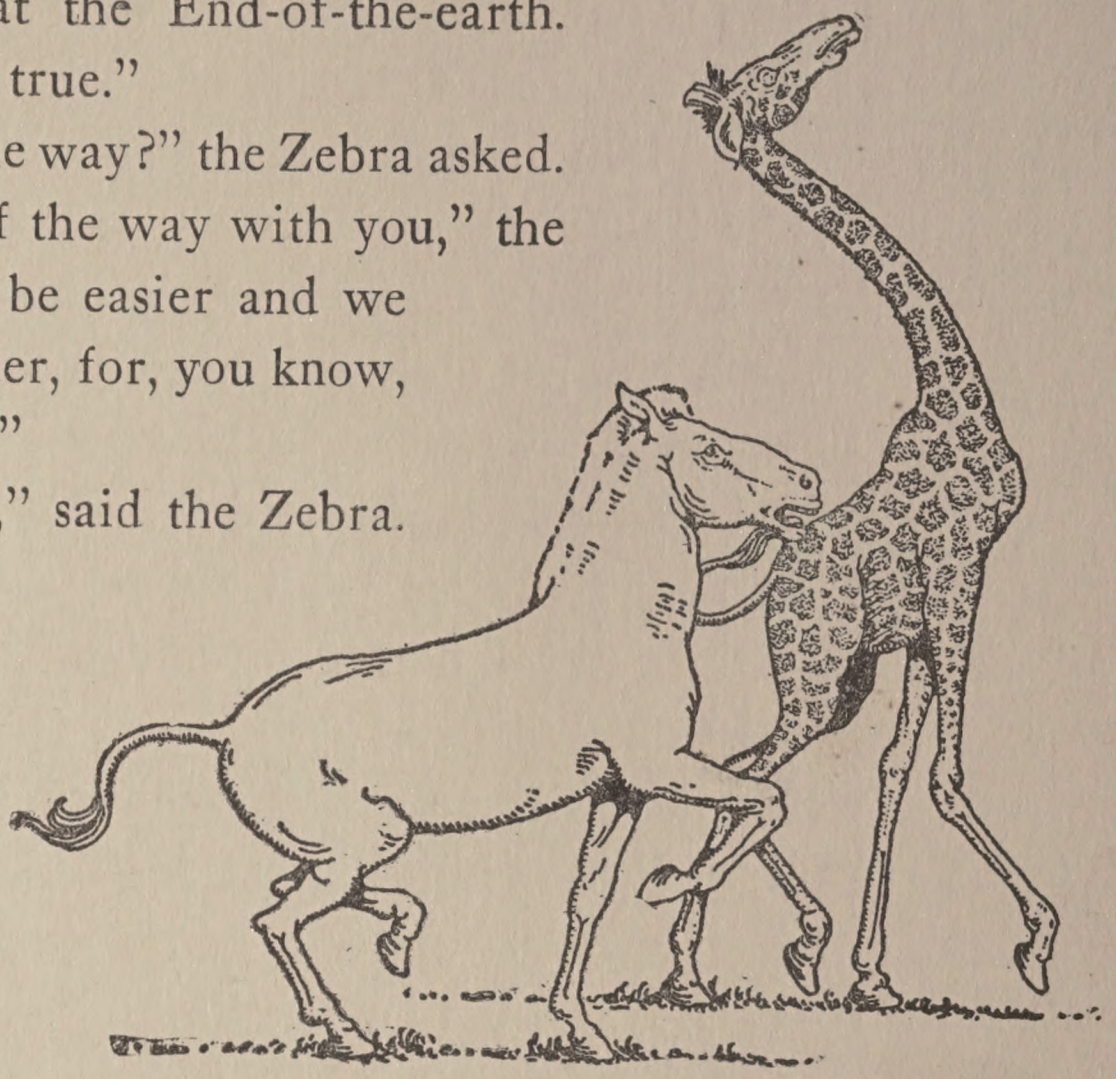
"Yes, indeed," cried the Zebra, "I should *love* to know."

"Go to see Stella, at the End-of-the-earth. She makes wishes come true."

"Will you show me the way?" the Zebra asked.

"Well, I'll go part of the way with you," the Giraffe said. "It will be easier and we can talk and play together, for, you know, it is *very* far from here."

"Yes, I suppose it is," said the Zebra. "Come, let us start *now*. I can hardly wait to see Stella and tell her my wish. Are you *sure* she will make it come true?"



"Sure?" answered the Giraffe. "Of course I am sure. Didn't she give me this long neck? Just because I *wished* for it. That was it—and because I *knew* that after I had told her my troubles she would help me. Come, we will start now."

For a long while they ran along side by side, and then the Giraffe, who was very tired, stopped a moment.

"I think I have gone far enough," he said. "*Now,* you know the way, and I am quite sure that you will not get lost. Just keep straight on," and he pointed ahead with one of his forefeet.

"Very well," said the Zebra, "good-by; and thanks so

much for having come this far with me. Good-by, good-by."

He started off very quickly, while the Giraffe stood and watched him disappear behind the hills.

The Zebra ran and ran and ran, and it seemed as though he would never reach the Wishing-Fairy. Night came on, so he lay down underneath a big tree and went fast asleep. In the morning when the sun woke him up by shining in his eyes, he went to the river and had a long drink and ate a lot of grass. (That is what zebras eat.) When he had had enough breakfast he began running again.

All of a sudden he caught one foot in a hole and over he went. He had an awful fall, and he turned his foot very badly. It hurt him a great deal. It hurt him so much that he had to stop. After a while he felt that he could begin running again, but he was limping terribly. By this time he was very near Stella's home, and the first thing he did when he saw her was to show her his foot and ask her to make it well.

Stella sent the Brownies for some water, and when they brought some from the Get-little-pool to the Zebra in their tiny shell-buckets, she first made him drink so that he would become little enough to have her come near him; then she put the rest of the water on a bandage and wound it around his foot, and all of a sudden it stopped hurting.

"Now," said Stella, "just lie down on the grass and tell me what else I can do for you."

"Stella waved her wand and the Zebra had his stripes"

"You can make my wish come true," the Zebra said. "I hope you will."

"What do you want?" Stella asked.

"I want some black stripes all around me. I think they would be very pretty. Stripes that would look like black satin ribbons."

So Stella waved her wand three times around him and the Zebra had his stripes.

He was very happy because his wish *had* come true, and he could hardly wait to run home again and show himself to the Giraffe.

So now you know how the Zebra got his black stripes.

XIII

MR. AND MRS. FROG GO BACK TO STELLA

IT was a very hot day.

Around the lake where the frogs lived there were ever so many of them playing in the cool water.

All of a sudden there was a terrible noise at one end of the lake, and every one who heard it rushed over to see what was the trouble.

What do you think it was?

Two big bull-frogs were having a fight! I don't know what it was about though.

Have you ever seen frogs fighting?

One jumped at the other full on the nose, then he backed away and jumped once more, and this time he bit the other frog on the side, and then, after backing away again, he

rushed and grabbed him by one of his legs. Holding it tight in his mouth, he swam off as quickly as he could, dragging the other frog behind him. They were both screaming "Ptooo,—ptooo,—ptooo," as loud as they could, but there was no one to hear them except the frogs who had gathered around the edge of the lake to watch the fight. Each and every one of them was calling "Ptooo,—ptooo,—ptooo," and as there were very many of them, you never heard such a noise in your life!

At last, when the two frogs were tired of fighting, the big one who had hold of the other one's leg, let him go. He had almost bitten the poor foot off. Then the big one went back to the edge of the lake, where all the other frogs were waiting to ask him what the fight had been about.

He first saw Mrs. Frog, and hopped straight over to the stone on which she was sitting.

"What happened?" she asked him, as soon as he had jumped up beside her. "Why were you so angry, and why did you hurt that poor other frog so? Are *you* hurt?"

"Of course, I'm not hurt," he answered proudly. "The whole thing began when that other frog caught a fat white fly that got away from me. I only missed the fly because I

couldn't quite make my mouth reach far enough. It made me angry so I thought I would punish the other frog. Before I knew it we were having an awful fight. I wish that my mouth were bigger. I am going to see Stella."

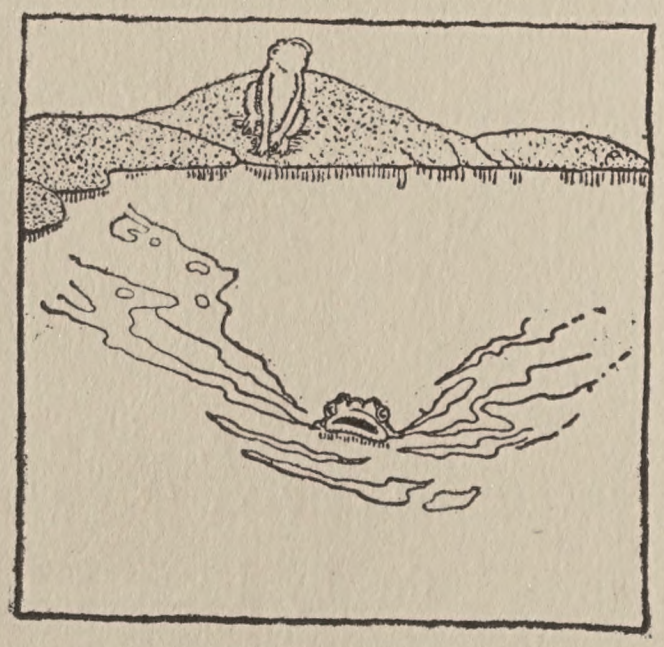
"Who is Stella, and what has she to do with your having a larger mouth?"—and Mrs. Frog laughed.

"Don't you remember the time you and I went with Mr. Turtle to the End-of-the-earth to see the Wishing-Fairy? Don't you remember getting tired and riding the rest of the way on the Turtle's back? Don't tell me you have forgotten!"

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Frog. "I remember now; but I also remember that when we saw Stella and she asked you if you had a wish, you said that you hadn't. Now, you—"

"Now, yes, I have a wish," Mr. Frog interrupted, "a big wish; so I'm going back and tell her about it."

"Well, what is it?" asked Mrs. Frog, who was very curious. She was always asking questions; some of them he could answer, but a great many he could not; and when he could not, he would swim away and leave her alone until she had forgotten the question. That would make Mrs. Frog awfully angry.



"Very well, if you *must* know, I will tell you," began Mr. Frog, after thinking a moment.

"When that nice fat white fly got away from me and that other frog caught him, it annoyed me *very* much. The only reason he got away is that my mouth isn't big enough. I want a wide, large, stretchy mouth—an enormous one. What do you think about it?"

"I think it is a wonderful idea," she answered. "In fact, I would like to have one too. Flies are hard to catch, and I find that often when I snap at them, I cannot quite make my mouth reach either. Yes, it's a good idea."

"Do you want to come with me and also ask Stella for a large mouth?" Mr. Frog asked.

"Yes, indeed!" Mrs. Frog answered.

"Well, come along then. I want to go now,"—and as Mr. Frog said this he started in the direction of the End-of-the-earth.

Poor Mrs. Frog couldn't travel quite as fast as he could, so in a few minutes she called out,

"Don't hop so quickly. I can't possibly keep up with you."

Then they traveled much slower, but after a long while they finally reached the home of Stella.

"Hello!" said Stella. "It's a long time since we have seen each other—since the day you came with the Turtle."

"What a good memory you have!" Mrs. Frog said in an astonished way.

"I never forget anything," Stella continued. "I also remember how much we all laughed—and I remember that you said you had no wish, and I was surprised at that; because

every one I see always has a wish. It seems to me as though every one and everything in the world has some kind of a wish."

"Do you remember telling me if I should ever wish for something I must come to you?" Mr. Frog asked her. "Well, here I am."

Mrs. Frog suddenly joined in: "We came," she whispered to the Fairy, "because we both wish that we could have our mouths made large and stretchy."

"Could you do that for us?" asked Mr. Frog, anxiously, as he hopped closer to Stella.

It wasn't very long before the frogs had what they wanted, and they were delighted.

They hopped up close to one another and stood face to face, and Mr. Frog stretched his mouth as wide as he could make it stretch, so as to be quite sure that Mrs. Frog's mouth was no larger than his.

Stella burst out laughing at him.

"Don't worry," she said to him. "Mrs. Frog's mouth is no larger than yours. If you measure them, you will find they are both just the same, and now you can catch as many flies as you wish—and big ones too."

After she had told him this, they seemed satisfied.

They thanked her very much, and started for home.

You should have seen the pond where the frogs lived after they reached it.

All the frogs in the place came up to them and made them

"Don't worry, Mrs. Frog's mouth is no larger than yours"

open wide their mouths and looked at their lips and even their throats, so that they would know all about them.

Mr. and Mrs. Frog felt very important, and when an enormous moth flew by and Mr. Frog snapped at it, and his mouth was large enough to gobble it up, he was just about as proud as a frog could be.

So was Mrs. Frog.

Every frog in that pond then suddenly had a wish—they all had the *same* wish—and the wish was to have a mouth big enough to swallow a tremendous moth, such as they had just seen Mr. Frog gobble up.

All of a sudden they started for the End-of-the-earth. There were hundreds and hundreds of frogs, all hopping along as fast as they could, and each one croaking as loud as he could about his wish. They were awfully excited, and later on, after they had seen Stella, they were very happy; for she made their wish come true—so now you know how the Frog got his big mouth and why. Don't you?

XIV

THE PORCUPINE

THE poor old Porcupine was very angry and tired. He was also wet, for it had been raining all day. He had crept down into the hole where he lived, so as to be alone and try to get happy again.

Do you want to know why he was angry and tired?

Because everywhere he had been that day he had somehow or other gotten into trouble.

First, he had walked too near a big goose and her family, and the mother goose, thinking that he wanted to hurt her babies, had stretched out her wings as wide as she could and had flown at him. With her strong bill she had pecked and pecked and pecked him. It

had hurt very much, for geese are awfully strong. Then, after he got away from her, he had wandered into the farmer's pig-sty where a very large pig had rushed at him and bit him. He had a terrible fight with the pig. After that a wild-cat had sprung down at him from the lower branches of a tree and it had bitten and scratched, bitten and scratched and bitten and scratched him until he was all torn and bleeding.

Every one of these accidents made him a little bit angrier, until at last he was more angry than he had ever been in his whole life.

After he had been alone a while in the comfortable hole in the ground that was his home he went to sleep; which was the best thing that could have happened.

When he woke he was rested, the hurt places all over his poor little body were no longer bleeding, and it had stopped raining.

What do you suppose woke him up?

Mr. and Mrs. Owl were sitting together in a bush that was near his home, and Mr. Owl was talking about a field-mouse he had almost caught, but it had gotten away from him. Mr. Owl said he had caught three mice that day and Mrs. Owl said not at all, that he had only caught two

mice. They were talking so loud that that was what had wakened the Porcupine.

The Porcupine didn't move. He was more comfortable in the hole than he had been all day, so he lay there and listened.

After Mr. and Mrs. Owl had finished fussing about the mice, they began talking of the End-of-the-earth and of Stella.

The Porcupine heard all this, and that was how he first knew about the Wishing-Fairy.

He no sooner knew about her than he made up his mind to go to her.

He wanted very much to tell her his troubles and see if she could help him, so he dragged himself up out of his hole and started then and there for the End-of-the-earth.

He had a terrible time reaching Stella, because his poor old body was so sore that every step hurt him and he had never been so glad in his life as when he at last saw her.

As soon as he had drunk from the Get-little-pool, Stella and the Brownies bathed him with cool fresh water to make the sore places well.

"You poor thing," Stella said, as she poured water over his cuts and bruises, "I feel very sorry for you. You must have had a bad fight."

"I feel sorry for *myself,*" said the Porcupine, "*very* sorry. In fact no one could possibly feel as sorry for me as I feel for myself. 'A fight,' you say. *A* fight—there were *three* fights —and each one was worse than the others. It was simply horrible."

Then Stella asked him why he had come to see her.

"I came," he said, "because I wanted to tell you my story and see if there is anything you can do that will keep me out of any more trouble. You see, this is how it is. If any one wants to bother me there is really nothing I can do to protect myself. I mean by that, there is no way for me to fight them so that they can't hurt me. The only thing I can do is to try and get away, and by that time I am always very badly hurt. Is there anything you can do for me?"

"Yes," answered Stella, "of course there must be something I can do."

She put on her thinking cap. It had only been on her head a moment when she knew what to do for the Porcupine.

Taking her wand she waved it around him three times.

All of a sudden he had a prickly feeling in his skin, and as he was looking at himself to see what was the matter, he saw

hundreds and hundreds of queer little needles stick out all over his body.

"What can those be?" he asked in astonishment. "I never saw anything so strange."

"Those needles," Stella told him, "are instead of hair or fur, and, what is more, if things want to come near you to hurt you, all you have to do is to shoot a needle at them. It will stick in them and bother them so much that they will run away as quickly as they can and leave you in peace. After this I know you will have no more trouble."

"How perfectly splendid!" the Porcupine said. "It's wonderful. Thank you very much. I am glad that you did this for me. Now I won't have to be afraid of everything, and I won't have to hide all the time. Good-by, Stella. I am very much obliged."

Stella stood and watched him for a long while after he had started for home.

As she was looking at him, he ran near a big snake—a big black one with angry, yellow eyes.

The Snake curled up and hissed at him, and the Porcupine was very frightened, for he knew that the Snake was going to spring at him.

The first thing he knew a needle shot from him straight into the Snake. The *next* thing he knew the Snake was gliding away just as fast as it could go.

I don't know which was the most surprised, the Snake or the Porcupine.

The Porcupine turned around, and he saw Stella watching him.

"Did you see that?" he called back to her.

"I should think I did," she said. "I've been watching you because I wanted to see how your needles would work."

"They work beautifully," he answered. "I won't have trouble any more. Thanks again. You've been very good to me."

Stella waved her hand to him.

"No, you won't," she said. "Good-by and good luck."

"Good-by," he called, as he shot a needle into the air just for the fun of it; "good-by."

Now you know why the Porcupine is covered with needles: so that he can protect himself when anything wants to fight him. And they protect him wonderfully too!

XV

THE CATERPILLAR WHO WAS TIRED OF HIMSELF

I AM sure that you have often seen caterpillars walking very slowly on the ground or along the trees and bushes.

Some are smooth, and some have fuzzy hair all over them.

A caterpillar has lots and lots of tiny legs underneath each side, and it walks by holding up its head and the front part of its body, then putting it down again farther along, and while that part of it is on the ground it draws up its back legs to where its head was before. Each time it does this it finds itself only a little farther along than it was; so you can imagine how slow it is, and what a long time it takes to go very far.

Would you like to hear about the Caterpillar that went to Stella?

He was a smooth, fat little fellow, and he was green, with pretty black dots along his sides.

I do not know who told him about the Wishing-Fairy; but he had heard of her from some one—maybe it was from the Squirrel, because the Squirrel was often hopping and playing around the wild carrot flowers where the Caterpillar lived.

The Caterpillar made up his mind to go see Stella, and though he knew that she lived at the End-of-the-earth, he didn't know how to get there, but he started off in that direction anyhow.

It was too bad; but the poor little thing started the wrong way, and the first thing he knew he came to a big river, and he couldn't go any farther because he could not swim.

He was very tired by this time and very unhappy, for he didn't know what to do; so he stretched himself along a blade of grass to rest a bit. He stayed there a long while, and thought and thought and thought.

He was thinking *how* he could get across that river.

All of a sudden he saw a big leaf floating on the water.

"Aha!" he thought, "that is just the thing. I shall drag a leaf over to the river, put it on the water, and it will be my boat, and then when it floats over to the other side of the river I can get off—and I will be just where I now wish I were."

He was glad that he had thought of this. He walked down from the blade of gras, crawled up a tree and bit off a big leaf from the first branch he came to.

The leaf was very heavy for him, and he had a hard time dragging it to the river; but at last he got it there. He crawled on to it as quickly as he could, and the first thing he knew off his little leaf-boat floated, with him sitting very comfortably in the middle of it.

At first he was afraid of falling off or of being gobbled up by a fish; because fish love to eat caterpillars. He was also afraid that some bird might see him and fly above the leaf so as to catch him; because birds also eat caterpillars and worms and other fat and juicy things.

But the fishes couldn't see him. All they could see was a big leaf floating above them on the water, and the birds didn't

see him, because he was green, and as he was sitting on a *green* leaf he looked just the same color as the leaf.

The poor little Caterpillar kept watching above for birds in the sky and below for fish in the water.

Oh! he was *awfully* frightened.

After a while when no fishes or birds had bothered him, he wasn't quite so frightened; so he lay on his leaf in the warm sun and looked around at everything he passed; and how he enjoyed it!

And he went to sleep! *Fast asleep!!*

All the time he slept the leaf was floating nearer and nearer the other side of the river, and at last it bumped against the ground. It bumped so hard that the Caterpillar woke up with a start and fell off on the earth alongside the river.

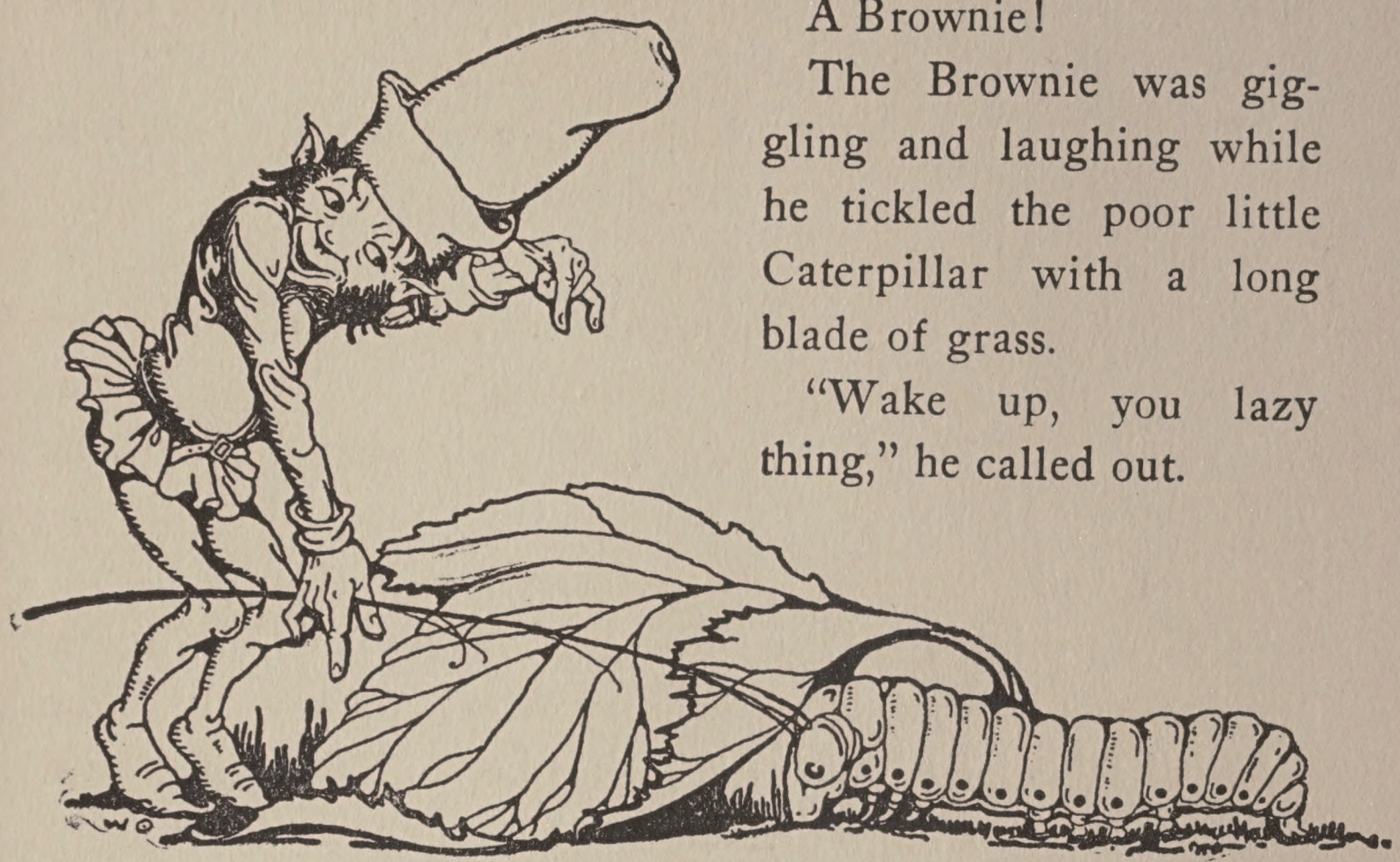
"Goodness, gracious! I wonder what has happened and where I can be," he said to himself, but in a moment, when he was wide awake, he suddenly remembered everything, and looked all around to see where he was.

And how happy he was to see that he was just where he had wanted to be—on the other side of the river!

As soon as he knew that, he began crawling as fast as he could; but even when a caterpillar goes as fast as it can, it cannot go *very* fast; therefore, it took him the longest kind of a time to reach the End-of-the-earth.

When at last he got there, the first thing he did was to fall asleep again. He had never been so tired in all his life; so he slept and slept and slept.

What do you think woke him up?



A Brownie!

The Brownie was giggling and laughing while he tickled the poor little Caterpillar with a long blade of grass.

"Wake up, you lazy thing," he called out.

"Lazy thing, nothing," answered the poor little Caterpillar, who was wriggling around and *very* angry. "If you had crawled as far as *I* have you would be tired too, and you would want to sleep as much as I do. I wish you would stop tickling me with that blade of grass. It will make me laugh—and I don't want to laugh. I am much too tired. I wish you would go away," he added. "I don't like to be teased and tickled."

"Very well," answered the Brownie, "I suppose you are right. It isn't very nice to tease any one; but you looked so sleepy that I couldn't help wanting to wake you up and find out what you are doing here. What do you want, anyhow?"

"I want to visit the Wishing-Fairy," the Caterpillar an-

swered. "I think she must live somewhere around here. Have you ever heard of her?"

"I should think I have," laughed the Brownie. "Why, *I* take care of her. She lives *here.*"

"Oh! isn't that wonderful?" the Caterpillar cried out. "I am *so* glad that I am near her. Where is she? Could I see her soon—now?"

"Well," answered the Brownie, "you will see her soon; but you cannot see her *now,* as she is somewhere around riding on her butterfly."

"Do you think she will ride very long?" the Caterpillar asked.

"No," said the Brownie; "she has been away for quite a while already. I think she ought to be back any minute now. Why, *there* she is," he added. "Look,"—and he pointed with the blade of grass (which he still held in his hand) to show the Caterpillar where Stella was coming nearer and nearer to them on her butterfly.

"Isn't she beautiful!" the Caterpillar cried, as she rode up to them.

"Indeed, she is," the Brownie said, and then he turned to her. "Here is some one who has come from very far away to see you, Stella."

"I'm very glad you came," Stella said to the Caterpillar. "You are so small already that you won't have to drink out of our Get-little-pool," and off she hopped from the butterfly's

"Stella was coming nearer and nearer to them on her Butterfly"

back. "Come over and sit by me and tell me what you wanted to see me about."

The Caterpillar crawled over to her, and they both sat side by side on a flower that was growing near them. She was waving her wand around as she spoke.

"What is that?" asked the Caterpillar, pointing to the wand.

"That," said Stella, "is what I use when I make wishes come true."

"Oh!" whispered the Caterpillar, but that was all he said, though he was very curious. He wanted to ask her more about it, but he didn't. Instead, he said very softly, "I have a wish. I hope you can make it come true for me."

"What is it? Tell me."

"Well," began the Caterpillar, "I am tired of being myself. I hate it."

"What *do* you mean?" asked Stella.

"Just what I say," the Caterpillar answered. "I am tired of always having to crawl and creep on the ground and of being slow—because I *cannot* go fast, no matter *how* hard I try. I am always afraid that some bird will see me and gobble me up before I have time to get away. I am just tired of it all, and I wish I could be something else. Do you think you could make me something else? *Please* think of a way."

Stella put her little hand over her eyes and she thought and thought and thought. At last she asked:

"Do you know what happens when people die?"

"No, I don't think I do," the Caterpillar answered. "What happens?"

"Well, it is this way," Stella began. "They go to sleep for a long while, and when they wake up they find themselves in Heaven with God and His angels, and they find that they are quite different from what they were before they died."

"In what way?" asked the Caterpillar.

"In every way," answered Stella. "To begin with, they are perfectly lovely; they are perfectly happy, and also they are perfectly good. Any troubles they may have had are gone, and they never *can* do anything that is bad. That is the very reason they are so happy—because they are in Heaven."

"Then, I want to die," said the poor little Caterpillar quickly. "Make me die, Stella dear."

"You won't have to die—you poor little thing," Stella began, "I will find a way," and she started thinking again. "I know. I will have you build a little thing around you and we will call it a cocoon, and you can go fast asleep in your cocoon, and when you wake up you will be a—a butterfly."

"Oh! how wonderful!" cried the Caterpillar. "How I should love to be a butterfly and fly away up in the sunshine and never have to crawl slowly along on the ground. It would be lovely; but, Stella, I don't know how to build a cocoon. How can I do it?"

"That will be easy," said Stella; "you will spin it. If you

will wriggle slowly from side to side you will begin to spin. Try it."

So the Caterpillar started to wriggle and wriggle on the stem of the flower, and soon he found that he was spinning a fine little silk thread around him and the stem.

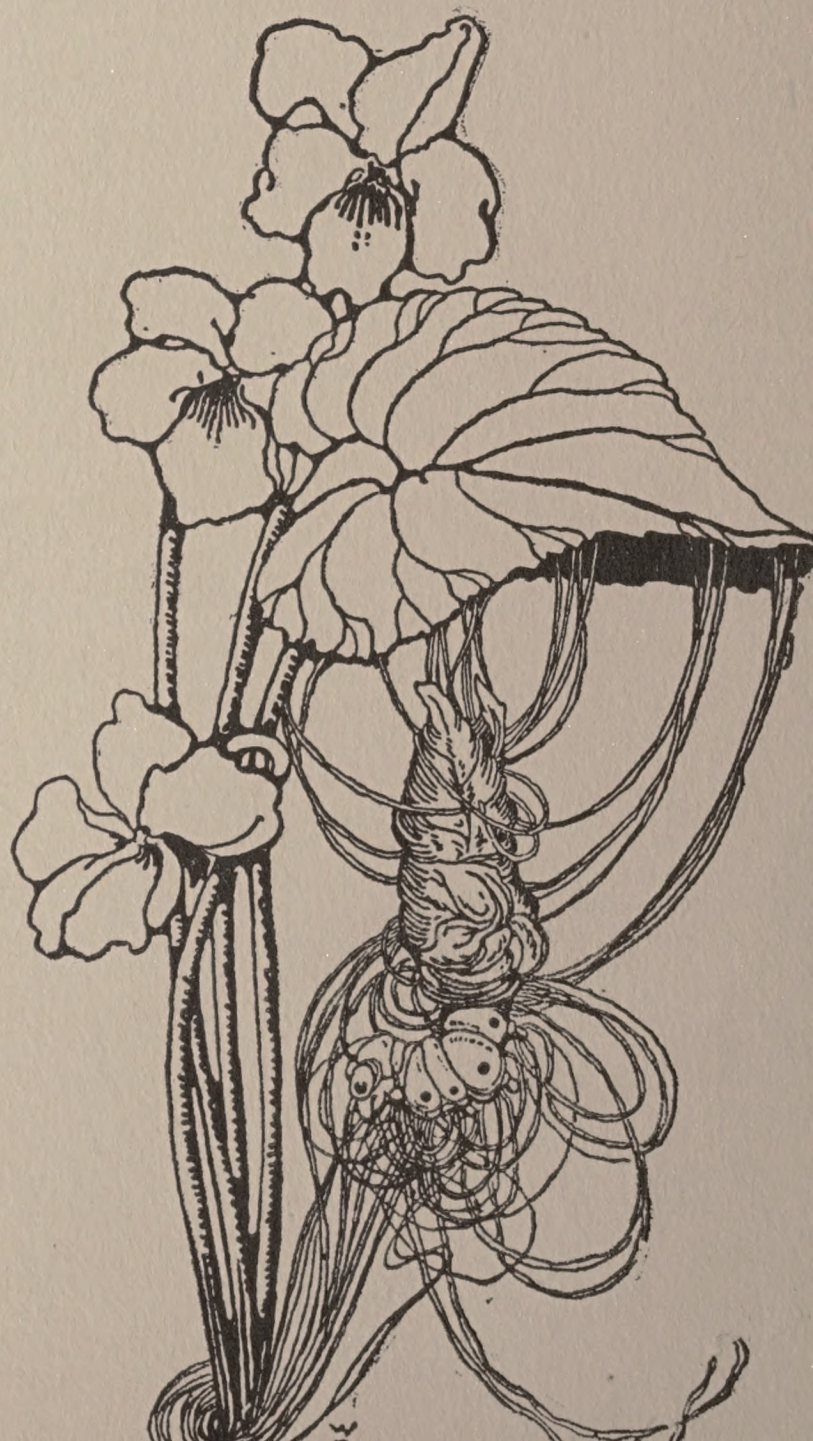
"Go on," said Stella. "Don't stop until I tell you to." And all the time he was wriggling from side to side in the cocoon she was waving her wand over the Caterpillar.

At last she told the Caterpillar to stop.

"Is the cocoon finished?" he called back from the inside of it, for by this time he was all covered with silk. "What does it look like?"

"It looks like a lovely little gray ball, only it isn't round. It is longer. It is about the shape of a peanut, and it is nice and thick and will keep you warm so that you can sleep in it until you wake up, and when you wake up the cocoon will break open and you will be a butterfly and fly out of it." Stella had to say this very loud. She could not speak softly because the Caterpillar was tucked away in the inside of his cocoon and he would not have been able to hear her.

"How lovely that will be!" the Caterpillar answered. "I shall be so



happy. I want to thank you very very much for making my wish come true."

"Well," answered Stella, "I am happy because you are. Now, you had better go to sleep. Good night, dear."

"Good night," answered the Caterpillar in a sleepy voice from away inside his cocoon. "Good night."

So now you know how it is that Caterpillars spin little cocoons around themselves and sleep in them where they are warm, all through the long, cold winter. In the spring, when the sunshine is nice and hot, the cocoon bursts open and out flys a beautiful butterfly.

XVI

THE MONKEYS GO TO STELLA

O you know which animal looks the most like a person? The Monkey.

Once upon a time though, before they looked quite so much like us, a little Monkey was playing in the top of a cocoa-nut tree. He was breaking off cocoa-nuts and was throwing them down to a boy who was standing beneath the tree. The boy would throw a stone at the Monkey and then the Monkey, who wanted to throw something back at him (for monkeys love to play ball), would pick off another cocoa-nut and throw it at the boy. Each time the Monkey did this the boy, who had a big basket, picked up the cocoa-nut and placed it in his basket to bring home to his mother.

After the boy had left, the poor little monkey, who was feeling very lonesome and who wanted to play the game of cocoa-nut ball longer, climbed down and went to look for another monkey to play with. When at last he had found a monkey friend of his, they both climbed a tree, sat side by side on a big branch and had a long talk together.

"I heard a funny thing to-day," said the monkey friend after a while.

"What was that?" the first monkey asked.

"I heard Mrs. Kangaroo telling about how she got her pocket. You know, I suppose, that she always carries her baby in it now. She says it is a great comfort."

"Yes, I know about her pocket. It must be a great comfort. I remember when I was a baby monkey I always had to hang on, as hard as I could, to the fur on my mother's chest and sometimes I used to grow awfully tired trying not to fall off. Wouldn't it be nice for baby monkeys if mother monkeys had a pocket like the kangaroos have? But, tell me, how *did* Mrs. Kangaroo first get her pocket? *That* I don't know."

Then his little monkey friend told him what he had heard

the Kangaroo talking about. It seems that she had been telling about the End-of-the-earth, about the Get-little-pool and about Stella, who could make any wish come true. She had told of how she has traveled there, and of the trouble she had always had before that trying not to lose her baby kangaroo, and that the reason that Stella had given her a fur pocket to keep her baby warm and comfortable in was because her wish had been never to lose it again. Mrs. Kangaroo had also told about Stella's lovely dress that was made out of flowers—of how she wore a tiny golden crown with a star on it and of how she rode a butterfly. She told of the funny, little, old Brownies who took such good care of the Wishing-Fairy, of the bees that brought honey from the flowers for her to eat. Then the Kangaroo had talked of all the different animals that had been to see Stella and how Stella always helped them and made them happy by having their wishes come true. All this time the monkey friend had sat and listened, for he was so interested that he wanted to hear all about everything.

"I wish I could see her," the Monkey who had been playing cocoa-nut ball in the tree said.

"Why?" asked his friend. "Have you a wish?"

"Yes," answered the other. "To-day I was playing with a little boy, and, you know, I *wish* I looked more like a human being—I mean by that, more like people—more like that little boy. Wouldn't *you* like to?"

The other monkey did not speak for a moment.

"Yes," he said. "I hadn't thought of it, but now that you talk of it I think I would. Yes," he added; "it *would* be very nice."

"Let us give our call so that all our monkey families and friends will hear it and know that they are to come to us as quickly as they can."

"What do you want every monkey in the forest to come here for?"

"When they all get here, we will tell them that we are going to see the Wishing-Fairy so as to ask her to make us more like people. They, perhaps, would like to go with us."

So he gave his call.

Did you know that monkeys have a call? It is a funny sound, something between a hiss, a rattle and a whistle.

He had no sooner given his call than hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of monkeys of all sizes and all ages came hurrying to them as fast as they could from out of the woods. They all came swinging along from branch to branch.

When they were there and had heard about the Wishing-

Fairy, every one of them decided to go to see Stella immediately.

I wish you could have seen Stella's face when they arrived at the End-of-the-earth! The End-of-the-earth didn't look the same with so many monkeys here, there and everywhere.

The Brownies had to fill the Get-little-pool *ten* times before each monkey had had his sip from it.

At last they all sat in a circle around Stella and told her that they wanted to look more like people. Stella couldn't help smiling as she heard this, for they were all talking at once and you cannot imagine what a noise they made! Each one was waving his arms and trying to talk louder than the others, so that Stella had to ask them to be quiet and for just one of them to speak for the others. They all turned to the little monkey who had been playing cocoa-nut ball in the tree, as he was the one who had first had the idea. Then Stella stood in the middle of the circle and waved her wand three times around them and the first thing they knew—they *did* look more like people! Their faces became more like ours, their paws became more like hands and feet, and they began to walk on two feet instead of hopping along on all fours.

So now you know how it happened.

As they traveled home from the End-of-the-earth, all the trees were shaking and waving as the hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of monkeys sprang from branch to branch, as they were leaping at one another and chattering as hard as they could.

They couldn't help playing and teasing for they were so happy. Their wish had come true!

XVII

BROTHER AND SISTER VISIT THE WISHING-FAIRY

THE two children had been put to bed; but through the open windows they could hear the birds singing about the things that had happened to them that day and calling good night to one another from tree to tree.

The children lay in their beds and listened to them. Though they had thought they were tired, it was so warm that somehow they could not go to sleep.

"Sister," the little boy said, "I think it would be fun to get up and go out in the garden."

"I think it would be nice too," answered the little girl, "but

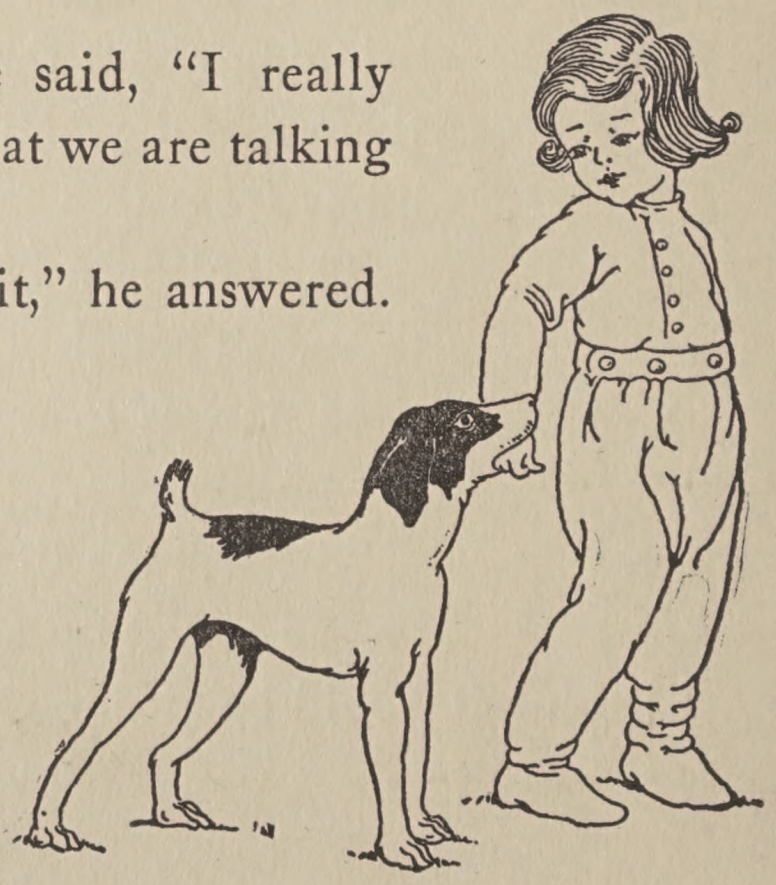
the things that our nurse would say to us if we did it wouldn't be so nice. She would be very angry."

"Yes," said the little boy, "that is true; but let's do it just the same."

You see the little boy often did things that the nurse thought were naughty, and that is how he would sometimes get into trouble, and would have to be punished.

The children had a dog. His name was "Jeff."

Jeff always slept on the floor near the little boy's bed, and as the children were talking, Jeff jumped up, had a big stretch, and came over to the little boy who by this time was getting up. Jeff stood, his tongue hanging out, watching a moment, and then he trotted over to the little girl. She too was getting out of bed. Jeff kissed her little toes; it tickled, so she began laughing.



"You know, Brother," she said, "I really think that Jeff understands what we are talking about. Don't you?"

"I don't *think* it—I *know* it," he answered. "You understand us, don't you, Jeff?"

Jeff barked once or twice, and he ran around to where the little boy was sitting and took his hand in his mouth.

He barked a bit, still holding Brother's hand in his mouth as though he wanted the boy to come with him.

"What shall we do?" Sister asked, "and where shall we go?"

"Let's get our two goats and go for a ride. What would you like to do, Sister?"

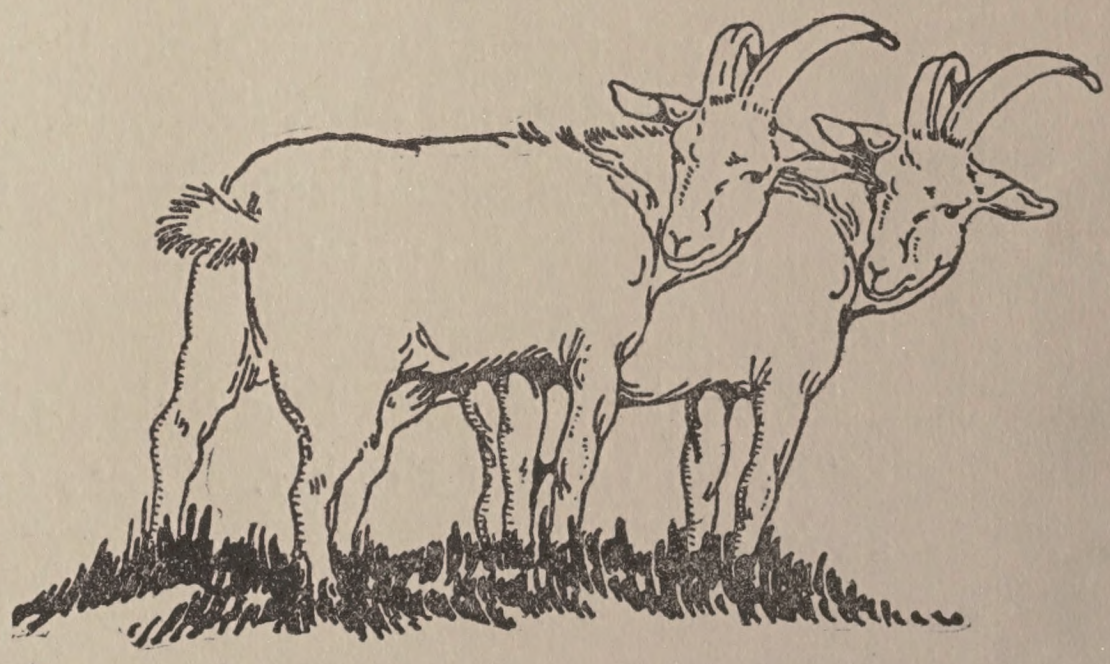
"That *would* be splendid," she answered. "Come, but we must be very quiet so that no one will hear us."

Jeff was still holding Brother's hand with his warm little mouth, and pulling and pulling and pulling. He was trying to make him go with him, so Brother said,

"Come along, Sister. It looks as though Jeff wants to lead us somewhere. Come. Hurry."

Jeff ran out of the room, still leading the little boy by the hand, and the little girl followed as fast as she could.

The dog ran straight to the stable where the children's two goats were kept. As soon as the goats were untied, they rushed out of the stable. As they ran the tinkling of bells could be heard, for around the neck of each was tied a little bell. On Brother's goat it was tied with a pink ribbon, and around Sister's goat a blue ribbon held the bell in place.



The goats began nibbling the grass, and every now and then they would look at the children and the dog in

such a surprised way, as though they were wondering what they were doing down in the stable so late; at an hour when they were usually fast asleep.

"Come along, Nanny," the little boy cried to his goat. "Stop eating grass, you greedy thing. Sister and I are going to ride. Sister, shall I help you to get up on Snowy?"

But she was already on Snowy's back. Snowy was the name of *her* goat.

Presently off they started; each child riding a goat, the bells were going tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, and Jeff ran on ahead barking and jumping here and there, while every other second he would turn around to see that they were following him.

They rode a long while. The moon made everything almost as light as day, so that they could see very clearly in the woods through which they were now passing.

Now and then a fox would run by, and some bird that had wakened would sing out a sleepy little song.

The children liked it very much, for they had never before been in the woods at night. They had always been home in their beds at that hour.

"I am tired, Brother," the little girl said at last.

"So am I," said Brother. "Let's stop and go to sleep for a while."

"Go to sleep in the *woods?*"

"Yes; why not? We can lie down on some soft moss and we will be very comfortable. Here,"—and he jumped down from his goat—"I'll show you."

So they lay down in each other's arms. A goat was on either side, and the dog was curled up as close to the children as he could get.

They were so comfortable that in a few minutes they were all five *fast* asleep.

They never woke up until the sun was streaming through the trees. The first thing they did was to bathe in a little brook that ran by. Jeff jumped in and had a nice swim. The goats only drank some water.

There were lots of berries growing near them, so that the children found plenty to eat, and had all they wanted for breakfast and were soon on their way again.

—where Jeff was leading them, riding to the End-of-the-earth.

When they reached Stella's home the Brownies came running out to see what the tinkle, tinkle of bells could be.

How surprised they were when they saw two goats, ridden by two children, with a dog jumping and barking on ahead.

Jeff ran up to one of the Brownies. "Hello," the Brownie called to him; "you are so big that you frighten me almost to death. You haven't yet drunk out of the Get-little-pool.

You ought to do that before you come so near to me or to Stella."

"I want to talk with you a bit before I do that," Jeff answered.

"Very well, then," said the Brownie, "but stay where you are. Don't come any nearer. You are too large."

"I won't hurt you," Jeff said to him. "I wouldn't hurt any one. Don't you know that the dog is the best friend that people have? Take me, for instance; I love Brother and Sister more than anything in the world; there isn't anything I wouldn't do for them. That is really how we happen to be here."

"What do you mean?" the Brownie asked.

"I mean,"—and Jeff squatted down on his hind legs—"that the reason we are here is because I had heard all the animals and birds talking about Stella and how she makes wishes come true. So I brought the two children here. They don't know anything about Stella yet because they cannot understand when animals and birds talk. The children think that we *can't* talk and that our sounds are only noises and don't mean anything. So I, knowing as I do about the End-of-the-earth Fairy, have always wanted to lead them here. I was under the little boy's bed when I heard them say that they were going to get up and go out. I thought it would be a good chance to bring them to Stella— So I did, and here we are."

"Now that you *are* here, what do you want?" the Brownie asked.

"My wish is that Stella should do something for the two children."

"What?" asked the Brownie.

"I don't quite know," Jeff answered. "Stella would know better than I. I am going to tell her that I want her to think of the loveliest thing she possibly can to make the children happy, and, whatever it may be, to do it for them. You see, I love them so very much that I want them always to be happy—even after they are no longer children but have grown up. Do you think Stella could think of something that would always keep them happy?"

"How should I know?" the Brownie said. "I think she can do anything though; in fact, I know it," he added. "I

will go and tell her what you have just said, and then you and she can talk together. While I am gone, go and drink out of the Get-little-pool, and make the children do the same thing. Will you be able to make them do it?"

"Yes, indeed," Jeff said. "They are so thirsty that all I will have to do is to lead them to the Get-little-pool, and the minute they see it they will want to drink from it."

And that was exactly what happened. Jeff ran to the children, took the little boy's hand in his mouth and led him to the pool. The little girl followed.

"Brother," she cried when they first saw the pool, "see, there is some water. Let us kneel beside it and drink. I am awfully thirsty."

The moment they had tasted the water the children and Jeff became very, very small; in fact, they were so small that their goats couldn't even see them, and began running here and there looking for them.

Another thing that happened was, that as soon as they had tasted the water they suddenly could understand Jeff

when he spoke to them, and this was what he said to them:

"Don't be frightened, Brother and Sister. Even though we are so tiny, everything is all right. We will be made big again when it is time for us to go back to our world."

"What does all this mean, Jeff?" Sister asked. "Why did you bring us here?"

"Yes, why?" Brother also asked. "Tell us all about everything and tell us *why* we are suddenly so small. I don't like it."

"Neither do I," the little girl said.

They felt differently, however, after Jeff had explained everything to them, and they were glad that they had come. They were so curious to know what was going to happen next that they could hardly wait to see Stella.

Just then she came with the Brownie who had gone to fetch her.

"Oh! Stella," the little girl cried out; "you are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. May I touch your dress?"

"Certainly," said Stella. "It is made out of rose petals."

"What is a petal?" the little boy asked.

"A petal," answered Stella, "is a flower leaf; not a leaf on the stem of the flower, but one of the leaves that are part of the flower itself."

"Have you many dresses?" the little girl asked.

"Yes, indeed," said Stella; "I have a dress made out of every kind of flower."

"What a lot you must have!" said the little boy. "But don't they fade?"

"No," she said, and seeing that they were wondering why, she added, so that they would understand, "They don't fade because they belong to me, and I, as you know, am a fairy."

"Who makes them for you?" was the next question.

Stella smiled.

"There is an insect called the darning-needle. I have one who sews for me. My darning-needle has made all my dresses." The Fairy turned to Jeff: "My Brownie told me that it was you who brought the two children here. You did right, and I am glad, for it is a good thing. Your wish is very wonderful, and I am going to make it come true."

"What is Jeff's wish?" asked both the children when they heard this.

"I didn't know Jeff ever wanted anything that I did not give him," added the little boy. "He always has plenty to eat

and drink, and my sister and I never play without him, and he sleeps near me and we are always good to him—never tease him or anything like that and we never even pull his tail."

"That is why Jeff's wish is what it is," Stella said. "He loves you both so much that he wants nothing for himself. What *he* wants is for *you*. He wishes that I should give you the loveliest thing I could possibly think of."

"How dear of Jeff," the children both said, as they put their arms around the dog's neck and hugged him. "And what is the loveliest thing you can think of?" the little girl asked.

"That you should both always be happy," and Stella smiled on them as she said this. "I am going to wave my wand three times over you, and after that all your life you will always be happy."

While she waved the wand above their heads she did not stop speaking: "You shall both have love in your hearts, and as long as one loves, one is happy. You shall love everything and all people, all animals, birds, fish and everything that lives, and never hurt any one or anything. You shall love everything that grows. You shall love the colors and the sounds of this wonderful world of ours, and the clouds that float above us in the sky across the sun. You shall love to see the moon that shines at night and makes everything so beautiful. You shall love the rain and will see and listen to it with pleasure. Children, as long as you love everything—you will be good—and happy. I could not give you more than this."

The two children could hardly believe their ears. They were so glad that tears of joy were in their eyes, and they almost thought it was all a dream.

They both rushed into Stella's arms and kissed and thanked her.

Afterwards, after they had drunk from the Get-big-pool and were again as big as they had been before, after they had ridden their goats home, even after they were grown-up people and had troubles that all grown-up people have, all through their lives they were happy because they loved every one and everything.

Don't ever forget this; for what the Wishing-Fairy gave to them she has also given to you.

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